



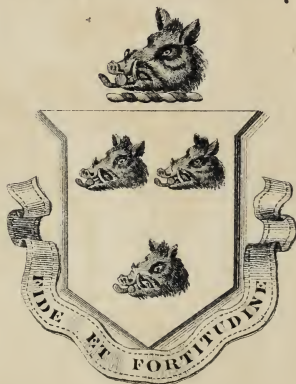
Accessions

157.350

Shelf No.

G, 4046.1

*Barton Library. Vol. 14.*



*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*










THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. XIV.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2017 with funding from  
Associates of the Boston Public Library







Westall del.

Starling sc.

HAMLET  
*Death of Ophelia.*  
*Act IV. Scene VII.*

THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKSPEARE,

WITH A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES,  
AND ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM THE PLATES IN BOYDELL'S EDITION.


EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A.  
LATE FELLOW OF PENE. COLL., OXFORD.

---

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.  
VOL. XIV.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. J. VALPY,  
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET;  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1833.



G. 4046  
c 14

157.350

May, 1873



---

Shakspeare pleases by his animated and masterly representations of character, by the liveliness of his descriptions, the force of his sentiments, and his possessing, beyond all writers, the natural language of passion;—beauties, which true criticism no less teaches us to place in the highest rank, than nature teaches us to feel.

DR. BLAIR.

Shakspeare was the first who painted moral affliction in the highest degree: the bitterness of those sufferings, of which he gives us the idea, might pass for the phantoms of imagination, if Nature did not recognise her own picture in them.

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

---



CONTENTS  
OF THE  
FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

---

	PAGE
HAMLET . . . . .	1
OTHELLO . . . . .	179



# ILLUSTRATIONS

## TO THE

### FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

---

	PAGE
1. The death of Ophelia, (Hamlet) from a Painting by <i>Westall</i> , Frontispiece.	

#### HAMLET.

2. Hamlet, Horatio, and Ghost.— <i>Fuseli</i> . . . . .	38
3. Queen, Hamlet, and Ghost.— <i>Westall</i> . . . . .	112
4. Ophelia, Laertes, King, Queen, &c.— <i>West</i> . . . . .	134

#### OTHELLO.

5. Othello, Desdemona, Iago, Cassio, &c.— <i>Stothard</i> . . . . .	224
6. Othello and Desdemona.— <i>Porter</i> . . . . .	294
7. Othello, Desdemona asleep.— <i>Graham</i> . . . . .	316
8. Othello, Desdemona asleep.— <i>Boydell</i> .* . . . .	316

\* This Illustration will be given in the next Volume.

H A M L E T,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.





## HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

## HAMLET.

---

The French novelist Belleforest extracted from Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, the history of Amleth, and inserted it in the collection of novels published by him in the latter part of the sixteenth century; whence it was translated into English under the title of 'The Historie of Hamblett,' a small quarto volume printed in black letter, which formed the subject of a play previous to 1589: and on these materials our author is supposed to have constructed this noble tragedy, the composition of which is assigned by Malone to the date of 1600, while Mr. Chalmers and Dr. Drake contend that it was written as early as 1597, on the authority of Dr. Percy's copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which once belonged to Gabriel Harvey, who had written his name at both the commencement and conclusion, with several notes between; among which was the following:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort. 1598.' The original composition of this play may therefore be placed in 1597; and its revision, with additions, in 1600. The earliest entry of it at Stationers' Hall is July 26th, 1602; and a copy of the

play in its imperfect state, dated 1603, and supposed to have been printed from a spurious original, was first discovered in the beginning of 1825. Another edition appeared in 1604, 'newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was;' the variations in which are both numerous and striking.

No character in our author's plays has occasioned so much discussion, so much contradictory opinion, and, consequently, so much perplexity as that of Hamlet, the inconsistencies of whose conduct have perhaps received the most satisfactory solution from the immortal Goethe. 'It is clear to me,' observes this great writer, 'that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty on a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak tree planted in a china vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers: the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load, which it can neither support, nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he turns, shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes; how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end, seems almost intirely to lose sight of, and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity.'

The scene of this tragedy is at the castle and court

of Elsinore, and the action apparently occupies some months. The story is intirely fabulous, and is placed at an uncertain period of antiquity; but perhaps it may be safely referred to the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century, during the invasions of England by the Danes.

‘If the dramas of Shakspeare,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘were to be characterised each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

‘The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the mad-

man most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

‘ Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

‘ The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

‘ The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of a usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.’

A R G U M E N T .

---

The sudden death of Hamlet king of Denmark; and the hurried and indecent nuptials of his widow with his brother and successor, fill the mind of the young prince Hamlet with grief and shame, which is speedily exchanged into a desire of revenge at the appearance of his father's spirit, which informs the astonished youth that his end has been effected by the operation of poison, administered to him in his sleep by his perfidious brother. Doubtful of the truth of this supernatural communication, Hamlet counterfeits madness in order to conceal his designs, and invites the king and his court to witness the performance of a play which bears a striking similarity to the murder detailed by the Ghost. Struck by the reproaches of a wounded conscience, the guilty monarch betrays the emotions of his mind to the vigilance of Hamlet, who is prevented from the prosecution of his revenge by the death of Polonius, the father of Ophelia, who is commissioned by the king to lie in ambush during an interview between the prince and his mother: Hamlet, hearing a noise, and conjecturing that it proceeds from his concealed uncle, stabs the old man to the heart;—a mistake, which deprives Ophelia of reason, and causes her self-destruction; while the unfortunate prince is banished to England by the king, who sends thither secret orders for his death on his arrival. The accomplishment of this cruel mandate is prevented by his captivity by pirates, who land him on the Danish coast. In the mean time, Laertes, the son of Polonius, in his anxiety to revenge the deaths of his father and sister, tarnishes the natural generosity of his character by listening to the insidious suggestions of the king, who accomplishes the destruction of his nephew by means of a poisoned weapon, with which he is wounded in a trial of skill in fencing with Laertes, to which the unsuspecting youth is invited; and in which his antagonist also becomes the victim of his own fraud. Finding his end fast approaching, Hamlet inflicts on his uncle the just punishment of his atrocities; and soon after expires, after witnessing the untimely death of his mother by poison.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

} courtiers.

OSRIC, a courtier.

ANOTHER COURTIER.

A PRIEST.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

} officers.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

CAPTAIN. AMBASSADOR.

GHOST of HAMLET'S FATHER.

FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers,  
Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

H A M L E T,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

*Ber.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold  
Yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,  
Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter  
cold,

And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,



The rivals <sup>1</sup> of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Fran.* I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is there ?

*Ho.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier :  
Who hath relieved you ?

*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place.  
Give you good night. [*Exit Francisco.*]

*Mar.* Holla ! Bernardo !

*Ber.* Say,  
What, is Horatio there ?

*Ho.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

*Ho.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :  
Therefore I have entreated him along,  
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;  
That, if again this apparition come,

---

<sup>1</sup> Partners.

He may approve our eyes,<sup>1</sup> and speak to it.

*Ho.* Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

*Ho.* Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,

When yon same star, that 's westward from the  
pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace; break thee off; look, where it  
comes again!

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that 's  
dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Ho.* Most like:—it harrows me with fear and  
wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Ho.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of  
night,

---

<sup>1</sup> Have proof that we were no way mistaken.



But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that  
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land ;  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war ;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week :  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day :  
Who is 't, that can inform me ?

*Ho.* That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat ; in which, our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
Which he stood seised of, to the conqueror ;  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same comart,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Joint bargain.

And carriage of the article design'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprise  
 That hath a stomach<sup>2</sup> in't; which is no other  
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand  
 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands  
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
 Is the main motive of our preparations;  
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head  
 Of this post-haste and romage<sup>3</sup> in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other, but even so:  
 Well may it sort,<sup>4</sup> that this portentous figure  
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
 That was, and is the question<sup>5</sup> of these wars.

*Ho.* A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.  
 In the most high and palmy<sup>6</sup> state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.<sup>7</sup>

. . . . .

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. import of the articles drawn up between them.

<sup>2</sup> Resolution.

<sup>3</sup> Romage here signifies inquiry into the means of defence.

<sup>4</sup> Suit.      <sup>5</sup> The theme or subject.      <sup>6</sup> Victorious.

<sup>7</sup> An intermediate verse is here evidently lost.

Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star,<sup>1</sup>  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
And prologue to the omen<sup>2</sup> coming on,—  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

*Re-enter GHOST.*

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !  
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,  
Speak to me :  
If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak to me :  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak !  
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
[*cock crows.*  
Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.  
*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan ?<sup>3</sup>  
*Ho.* Do, if it will not stand.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the moon.

<sup>2</sup> Portentous event.

<sup>3</sup> A partisan is a kind of pike.

*Ber.* 'Tis here !

*Ho.* 'Tis here !

*Mar.* 'Tis gone ! *[Exit Ghost.]*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence ;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Ho.* And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring <sup>1</sup> spirit hies  
To his confine ; and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long ;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes,<sup>2</sup> nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Ho.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :

---

<sup>1</sup> Wandering.

<sup>2</sup> Strikes with diseases.



Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning  
know  
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room of state in the same.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,  
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's  
death,  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole king-  
dom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;—  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—  
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,<sup>1</sup>—  
Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along.—For all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;  
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame ;  
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bands <sup>2</sup> of law,  
To our most valiant brother :—so much for him.  
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.  
Thus much the business is : we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
His farther gait <sup>3</sup> herein ; in that the levies,  
The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
Out of his subject : and we here despatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;  
Giving to you no farther personal power  
To business with the king, more than the scope  
Of these dilated articles allow.  
Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sorrow.<sup>2</sup> Bonds.<sup>3</sup> Proceeding.

*Cor. Vol.* In that and all things will we show our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg,  
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.*

My dread lord,

Your leave and favor to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What says  
Polonius?

*Po.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow  
leave

By laborsome petition; and, at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be  
thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.  
[*aside.*

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,<sup>1</sup>  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within, which passeth show;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dejected eyes.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :  
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;  
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term  
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere  
In obstinate condolment, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :  
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven ;  
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;  
An understanding simple and unschool'd :  
For what we know must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to Heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,  
' This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth  
This unprevailing<sup>1</sup> woe, and think of us  
As of a father ; for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne ;  
And, with no less nobility of love,  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,

---

<sup>1</sup> For unavailing.

It is most retrograde to our desire :  
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers,  
*Hamlet :*

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :  
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;  
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,  
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;  
And the king's rouse<sup>1</sup> the heaven shall bruit<sup>2</sup>  
again,

Respeaking earthly thunder.—Come away.

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and  
Laertes.]*

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve<sup>3</sup> itself into a dew ;  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon<sup>4</sup> 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on 't ! O, fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in  
nature,

---

<sup>1</sup> Jovial draught.

<sup>3</sup> Dissolve.

<sup>2</sup> Report.

<sup>4</sup> Law.

Possess it merely.<sup>1</sup> That it should come to this!  
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not  
two:

So excellent a king, that was, to this,  
Hyperion<sup>2</sup> to a satyr; so loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteeme<sup>3</sup> the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
Let me not think on't:—Frailty, thy name is  
woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—  
(O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer) married with my  
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules. Within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

---

<sup>1</sup> Intirely.

<sup>2</sup> Apollo.

<sup>3</sup> Suffer.



*Enter* HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

*Ho.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well.  
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

*Ho.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant  
ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name  
with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good even,  
sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Ho.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Ho.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-stu-  
dent;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Ho.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked  
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest <sup>1</sup> foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !—  
My father ;—methinks, I see my father.

*Ho.* O, where, my lord ?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Ho.* I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Ho.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw, who ?

*Ho.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father ?

*Ho.* Season your admiration for awhile  
With an attent <sup>2</sup> ear ; till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Ho.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waist and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,  
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,  
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd,  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

---

<sup>1</sup> Most inveterate.

<sup>2</sup> For attentive.

In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;  
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch ;  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and  
good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father ;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this ?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we  
watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it ?

*Ho.* My lord, I did,  
But answer made it none : yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Ho.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true :  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night ?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you ?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not  
His face ?

*Ho.* O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver<sup>1</sup> up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly ?

*Ho.* A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red ?

*Ho.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

*Ho.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would, I had been there.

*Ho.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like,

Very like : stay'd it long ?

*Ho.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Ho.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled ? no ?

*Ho.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night ;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Ho.* I warrant you, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still ;

---

<sup>1</sup> That part of the helmet which protects the lower part of the face, and may be lifted up.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves: so, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

*[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.]*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would, the night were  
come!

Till then, sit still, my soul! Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's  
eyes. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

*A room in Polonius's house.*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd; farewell:  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.*

Think it no more;

For nature, crescent,<sup>1</sup> does not grow alone  
In thews<sup>2</sup> and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;  
And now no soil nor cautel<sup>3</sup> doth besmirch<sup>4</sup>  
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says, he loves  
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no farther,  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open  
To his unmaster'd<sup>5</sup> importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

---

<sup>1</sup> Increasing.

<sup>3</sup> Subtlety, deceit.

<sup>5</sup> Licentious.

<sup>2</sup> Muscular strength.

<sup>4</sup> Discolor.

Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest<sup>1</sup> maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed ;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear :  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep  
As watchman to my heart : but, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read.<sup>2</sup>

*Laer.* O, fear me not.  
I stay too long ; but here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Po.* Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for  
shame :  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing with  
you ; [*laying his hand on Laertes's head.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Most cautious.

<sup>2</sup> Heeds not his own lessons.

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character.<sup>1</sup> Give thy thoughts no  
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade : beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee :  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure,<sup>2</sup> but reserve thy judgment :

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous chief,<sup>3</sup> in that :  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all ;—to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my  
lord.

---

<sup>1</sup> Inscribe.

<sup>2</sup> Opinion.

<sup>3</sup> Note, estimation.



*Po.* The time invites you: go; your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit Laertes.*]

*Po.* What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord  
Hamlet.

*Po.* Marry, well bethought:  
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:  
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly,  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.  
What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many  
tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Po.* Affection? puh! you speak like a green  
girl,  
Unsifted<sup>1</sup> in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should  
think.

---

<sup>1</sup> Inexperienced.

*Po.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more  
dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love  
In honorable fashion.

*Po.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Po.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do  
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—  
You must not take for fire. From this time,  
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments<sup>1</sup> at a higher rate,  
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him; that he is young;  
And with a larger tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their investments show,

---

<sup>1</sup> Company, conversation.

But mere implorators <sup>1</sup> of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all ;—  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
Look to 't, I charge you ; come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The platform.*

*Enter* HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

*Ho.* It is a nipping and an eager <sup>2</sup> air.

*Ham.* What hour now ?

*Ho.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Ho.* Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws near  
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*a flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes  
his rouse, <sup>3</sup>

Keeps wassel, <sup>4</sup> and the swaggering up-spring <sup>5</sup>  
reels ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Implorers.

<sup>2</sup> Keen.

<sup>3</sup> Jovial draught.

<sup>4</sup> A convivial entertainment.

<sup>5</sup> A dance.

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Ho.* Is it a custom ?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.  
This heavy-headed-revel, east and west,  
Makes us traduced, and tax'd of other nations :  
They clepe<sup>1</sup> us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition ; and indeed it takes  
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
So, oft it chances in particular men,  
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
As, in their birth ; (wherein they are not guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin)  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,<sup>2</sup>  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;  
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens  
The form of plausible manners ;—that these men,—  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star ;—  
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo)  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault : the dram of eale

---

<sup>1</sup> Call.

<sup>2</sup> Humor.

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,  
To his own scandal.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter* GHOST.

*Ho.* Look, my lord, it comes !

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable<sup>2</sup> shape,  
That I will speak to thee ; I 'll call thee, Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :  
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,  
Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
'That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,<sup>3</sup>  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?  
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

*Ho.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire

---

<sup>1</sup> Commentators have hitherto failed to discover any satisfactory elucidation of this corrupt passage.

<sup>2</sup> Conversable.

<sup>3</sup> For frame.

To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground.  
But do not go with it.

*Ho.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

*Ho.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear ?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;<sup>1</sup>  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself ?—  
It waves me forth again : I'll follow it.

*Ho.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my  
lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles<sup>2</sup> o'er his base into the sea ;  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness ? think of it.  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.  
Go on ; I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Ho.* Be ruled ; you shall not go.

---

<sup>1</sup> Value.

<sup>2</sup> Hangs.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd :—unhand me, gentlemen :—

[*breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets<sup>1</sup>  
me :—

I say, away.—Go on ; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ho.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow : 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Ho.* Have after. To what issue will this come ?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Den-  
mark.

*Ho.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*A more remote part of the platform.*

*Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak : I'll  
go no farther.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,

---

<sup>1</sup> Hinders.

Fucchi dal

HAMLETT.

Strating, &c.







When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt  
hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young  
blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part;  
And each particular hair to stand an end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——

*Ham.* O heaven!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural  
murder.

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with wings  
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear :

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!  
But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.  
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon<sup>1</sup> in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager<sup>2</sup> droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter<sup>3</sup> bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like,<sup>4</sup> with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen at once despatch'd;  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd,<sup>5</sup> disappointed,<sup>6</sup> unaneled;<sup>7</sup>  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

---

<sup>1</sup> Henbane.<sup>2</sup> Sour, acid.<sup>3</sup> Scurf.<sup>4</sup> Most like a leper.<sup>5</sup> Without having received the sacrament.<sup>6</sup> Unappointed, unprepared.    <sup>7</sup> Without extreme unction.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.

*Ham.* O, all you host of heaven! O, earth!  
What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, hold, my  
heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe.<sup>1</sup>—Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws<sup>2</sup> of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables:<sup>3</sup>—meet it is, I set it down,

---

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Sayings, sentences.

<sup>3</sup> Memorandums.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.

[*writing.*]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

I have sworn 't.

*Ho.* [*within.*] My lord, my lord,——

*Mar.* [*within.*] Lord Hamlet,——

*Ho.* [*within.*] Heaven secure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Mar.* [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Mar.* How is 't, my noble lord?

*Ho.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Ho.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No;

You will reveal it.

*Ho.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you then? Would heart of man  
once think it?

But you'll be secret?

*Ho. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all  
Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

*Ho.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from  
the grave,

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right ; you are in the right ;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :  
You, as your business and desire shall point you ;—  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is ;—and, for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go pray.

*Ho.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes, Faith, heartily.

*Ho.* There 's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this vision  
here,—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Ho.* What is 't, my lord ? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen  
to-night.

*Ho. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear 't.

*Ho.* In faith,

My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [*beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on;—you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

*Ho.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique?*<sup>1</sup> then we'll shift our ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

*Ghost.* [*beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

*Ho.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

---

<sup>1</sup> Here and every where?



Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !  
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself ;  
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on ;—  
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As, ' Well, well, we know ; '—or, ' We could, an if  
we would ; '—or ' If we list to speak ; '—or, ' There  
be, an if they might ; '—  
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you know aught of me :—this not to do, swear,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

*Ghost.* [*beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit !—So, gentlemen,  
men,

With all my love I do commend me to you :  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;  
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
The time is out of joint ;—O, cursed spite !  
That ever I was born to set it right !  
Nay, come ; let 's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T I I.

## SCENE I.

*A room in Polonius's house.*

*Enter* POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

*Po.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Po.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Po.* Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers<sup>1</sup> are in Paris ;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they  
keep,

What company, at what expense ; and finding,  
By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it :  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowlege of him ;  
As thus ;—‘ I know his father and his friends,  
And, in part, him : ’—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Danes.

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Po.* 'And, in part, him;—but,' you may say,—  
'not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild;  
Addicted so and so:—and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonor him; take heed of that:  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Po.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrel-  
ing,

Drabbing:—you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.

*Po.* Faith, no; as you may season it in the  
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so  
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
A savageness<sup>1</sup> in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.<sup>2</sup>

*Rey.* But, my good lord,——

*Po.* Wherefore should you do this?

---

<sup>1</sup> For wildness.

<sup>2</sup> Such as youth in general is liable to.

*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
I would know that.

*Po.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:  
You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
Mark you;  
Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
Having ever seen, in the prenominate<sup>1</sup> crimes,  
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,  
He closes with you in this consequence;—  
' Good sir,' or so; or ' friend,' or ' gentleman,'—  
According to the phrase or the addition  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Po.* And then, sir, does he this;—he does—  
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was  
about to say something:—where did I leave?

*Rey.* At, closes in the consequence.

*Po.* At, closes in the consequence:—Ay, marry;  
He closes with you thus:—' I know the gentleman;  
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
Or then, or then, with such, or such; and, as you  
say,  
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;  
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,  
I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.'—

---

<sup>1</sup> Already named.

See you now ;  
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :  
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out :  
So, by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Po.* God be wi' you ; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord,——

*Po.* Observe his inclination in yourself.<sup>1</sup>

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Po.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* OPHELIA.

*Po.* Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

*Po.* With what, in the name of heaven ?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced ;  
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved<sup>2</sup> to his ankle ;  
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;

---

<sup>1</sup> In your own person, not by spies.

<sup>2</sup> Hanging down like fetters.

And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors ;—he comes before me.

*Po.* Mad for thy love ?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know ;

But, truly, I do fear it.

*Po.* What said he ?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me  
hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Po.* Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.  
This is the very ecstasy of love ;  
Whose violent property foredoes<sup>1</sup> itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.—

---

<sup>1</sup> Destroys.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

*Po.* That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment  
I had not quoted<sup>1</sup> him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,  
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my  
jealousy!

It seems, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:  
This must be known; which, being kept close,  
might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
and Attendants.

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-  
stern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
The need we have to use you did provoke

---

<sup>1</sup> Observed.

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,  
Since not the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath put  
him

So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,  
That,—being of so young days brought up with  
him,

And since so neighbor'd to his youth and humor ;—  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
Some little time : so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,  
So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of  
you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry <sup>1</sup> and good will,  
As to expend your time with us awhile  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ro.* Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

---

<sup>1</sup> Complaisance.



Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey ;  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,<sup>1</sup>  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him !

*Queen.* Ay, amen !

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Po.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Po.* Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good liege,

---

<sup>1</sup> Utmost exertion.

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king;  
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail<sup>1</sup> of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

*Po.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them  
in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main;  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my  
good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

*Vol.* Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;<sup>2</sup>  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness; whereat grieved,  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand,<sup>3</sup>—sends out arrests

---

<sup>1</sup> Scent.

<sup>2</sup> Poland.

<sup>3</sup> Imposed on.

On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys ;  
Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty :  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;  
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack ;  
With an entreaty, herein farther shown,

[ *gives a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well ;  
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business :  
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.  
Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together.  
Most welcome home !

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

*Po.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate <sup>1</sup>  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time :  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,--

---

<sup>1</sup> Discuss.

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :  
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,  
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad ?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Po.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him then ; and now remains,  
That we find out the cause of this effect ;  
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;  
For this effect, defective, comes by cause.  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus :  
Perpend.

I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.—  
'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most  
beautified Ophelia : '——  
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; ' beautified ' is  
a vile phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus :—  
'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her ?

*Po.* Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.—

'Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;                    [*reads.*  
Doubt, that the sun doth move ;  
Doubt truth to be a liar ;  
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

‘ Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.’

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me ;  
And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
Received his love ?

*Po.* What do you think of me ?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honorable.

*Po.* I would fain prove so : but what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me) what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had play’d the desk, or table-book ;  
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;  
Or look’d upon this love with idle sight ;  
What might you think ? no, I went round<sup>1</sup> to  
work,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak :—  
‘ Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere :  
This must not be : ’ and then I prescripts gave her,

---

<sup>1</sup> Roundly, without reserve.

That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;  
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)  
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;  
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;  
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,  
Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think, 'tis this ?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Po.* Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know  
that)

That I have positively said, ' 'Tis so,'  
When it proved otherwise ?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Po.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it farther ?

*Po.* You know, sometimes he walks four hours  
together

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Po.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to  
him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;  
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm and carters.

*King.*

We will try it.

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch  
comes reading.

*Po.* Away, I do beseech you ; both away ;  
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.—

*[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.]*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Well, god-'a-mercy.

*Po.* Do you know me, my lord ?

*Ham.* Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

*Po.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Po.* Honest, my lord ?

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes,  
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Po.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead  
dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a  
daughter ?

*Po.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun : conception<sup>1</sup> is  
a blessing ; but as your daughter may conceive,—  
friend, look to 't.

*Po.* [*aside.*] How say you by that ? Still harping

---

<sup>1</sup> Understanding.



on my daughter : yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone ; and, truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.

—What do you read, my lord ?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Po.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*Ham.* Between who ?

*Po.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards ; that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Po.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. [*aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

*Ham.* Into my grave ?

*Po.* Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant<sup>1</sup> sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My ho-

---

<sup>1</sup> Ready, apt.



norable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Po.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Po.* You go to seek the lord Hamlet: there he is.

*Ro.* God save you, sir! [to Polonius.

[Exit Polonius.

*Guil.* My honored lord!—

*Ro.* My most dear lord!—

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! good lads, how do ye both?

*Ro.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy:  
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ro.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

*Guil.* Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true: she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ro.* None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: but your news is

not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord?

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ro.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ro.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ro.* Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ro.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ro. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with

the rest of my servants ; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

*Ro.* To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you : and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come, deal justly with me : come, come ; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord ?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color. I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ro.* To what end, my lord ?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no ?

*Ro.* What say you ? [to Guildenstern.]

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you : [aside.]  
—if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secresy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of

late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire;—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me,—no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Ro.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'Man delights not me?'

*Ro.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten<sup>1</sup> entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted<sup>2</sup> them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall

---

<sup>1</sup> Spare.

<sup>2</sup> Overtook.

end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;<sup>1</sup> and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

*Ro.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ro.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ro.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ro.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyry<sup>2</sup> of children, little eyases,<sup>3</sup> that cry out on the top of question,<sup>4</sup> and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they escoted?<sup>5</sup> Will they pursue the quality<sup>6</sup> no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow them-

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. shall make even those laugh, whose lungs are almost withered.

<sup>2</sup> Nest.

<sup>3</sup> Unfledged hawks.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. who perpetually declaim in the highest notes of the voice.

<sup>5</sup> Paid.

<sup>6</sup> Profession.

selves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ro.* Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre<sup>1</sup> them on to controversy: there was, for awhile, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is it possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ro.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.<sup>2</sup>

*Ham.* It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*florish of trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Provoke.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. not only the world, but the world-bearer too: in allusion to the story of Hercules relieving Atlas.

<sup>3</sup> Compliment.

you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Po.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ro.* Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Po.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

*Po.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Po.* Upon my honor,——

*Ham.* 'Then came each actor on his ass,'——

*Po.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem



unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ,<sup>1</sup> and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* 'O Jephthah, judge of Israel,'—what a treasure hadst thou!

*Po.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—'One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.'

*Po.* Still on my daughter. [*aside.*

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Po.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter; that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Po.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 'It came to pass, As most like it was,'  
—The first row of the pious chanson<sup>2</sup> will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

*Enter* FOUR or FIVE PLAYERS.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced<sup>3</sup> since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine:<sup>4</sup> pray God,

---

<sup>1</sup> Writing.

<sup>2</sup> The pious chansons were a kind of Christmas carols.

<sup>3</sup> Fringed with a beard.

<sup>4</sup> A high shoe or clog.



your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.<sup>1</sup> Masters, you are all welcome. We'll ev'n to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality;<sup>2</sup> come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my lord?

*Ham*. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare<sup>3</sup> to the general:<sup>4</sup> but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine<sup>5</sup>) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection:<sup>6</sup> but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;——

---

<sup>1</sup> This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women.

<sup>2</sup> Profession.

<sup>3</sup> An Italian dish made of the roes of fishes.

<sup>4</sup> Multitude.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. were higher than my own.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical, affected writer.

‘The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast;’  
——’tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

‘The rugged Pyrrhus;—he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;  
Hath now this dread and black complexion  
smear’d

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules;<sup>1</sup> horridly trick’d<sup>2</sup>  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;  
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light  
To their lord’s murder: roasted in wrath and fire.  
And thus o’ersized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.’—So proceed you.

*Po.* ‘Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good  
accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.*

‘Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal match’d,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

---

<sup>1</sup> Red; a term in heraldry.

<sup>2</sup> Smeared.

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack<sup>1</sup> stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death; anon, the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you  
    gods,

In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!'

*Po.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
Pr'ythee, say on: he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,  
or he sleeps. Say on: come to Hecuba.

---

<sup>1</sup> Light clouds.

1 *Play*. 'But who, ah, woe! had seen the mobled queen——'<sup>1</sup>

*Ham*. The mobled queen?

*Po*. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play*. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames

With bisson<sup>2</sup> rheum; a clout upon that head,  
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;  
The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
Would have made milch the burning eye of  
heaven,  
And passion in the gods.'

*Po*. Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham*. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear? let them be

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the queen attired in a coarse and careless head-dress.

<sup>2</sup> Blind.

well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Po.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Odd's bodikin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. 'Take them in.

*Po.* Come, sirs.

*[Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.]*

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't; could you not?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. *[Exit Player.]* My good friends, *[to Ro. and Guil.]* I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ro.* Good my lord!

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

*Ham.* Ay, so, good bye to you.—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd ;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit ?—and all for nothing !  
For Hecuba !

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,  
That I have ? He would drown the stage with  
tears,

And cleave the general ear<sup>1</sup> with horrid speech ;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free ;  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.—Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat<sup>2</sup> was made. Am I a coward ?  
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?  
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the  
throat,  
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?  
Ha !

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the ear of all mankind.

<sup>2</sup> Destruction.

Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless<sup>1</sup> villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I  
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these  
players

Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him<sup>2</sup> to the quick: if he do blench,<sup>3</sup>  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be a devil; and the devil hath power

---

<sup>1</sup> Unnatural.

<sup>2</sup> Search his wounds.

<sup>3</sup> Shrink or start.



To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits)  
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds  
More relative than this : the play 's the thing,  
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

A C T   I I I .

SCENE I.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSEN-  
CRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* And can you, by no drift of conference,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

*Ro.* He does confess, he feels himself distracted ;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well ?

*Ro.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ro.* Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.



*Queen.* Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

*Ro.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught<sup>1</sup> on the way: of these we told  
him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Po.* 'Tis most true;  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ro.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront<sup>2</sup> Ophelia.

Her father and myself, lawful espials,<sup>3</sup>  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,

---

<sup>1</sup> Overtook.

<sup>2</sup> Meet.

<sup>3</sup> Spies.

That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.*

I shall obey you :

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.*

Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*

*Po.* Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please  
you,

We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book ;

[*to Ophelia.*

That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this ;—  
'Tis too much proved,<sup>1</sup>—that, with devotion's  
visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.*

O, 'tis too true ! how smart

A lash that speech doth give my conscience !  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

O heavy burden !

[*aside.*

*Po.* I hear him coming ; let 's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. it is found by too frequent experience.

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question :—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune ;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—  
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the  
rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,<sup>1</sup>  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,<sup>2</sup>  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels<sup>3</sup> bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Stir, bustle.

<sup>2</sup> Consideration.

<sup>3</sup> Packs or burdens.

<sup>4</sup> Boundary, limits.

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!  
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honor for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to redeliver:  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honor'd lord, you know right well you  
did;  
And with them words of so sweet breath composed,  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind,  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have a better commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this

plague for thy dowry :—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery ; farewell : or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him !

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough : God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.<sup>1</sup> Go to ; I 'll no more of 't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,  
sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers ! quite, quite down !  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. you mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

Blasted with ecstasy.<sup>1</sup> O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way  
tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. There 's something in his  
soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,  
I have, in quick determination,  
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself.—What think you on 't?  
*Po.* It shall do well: but yet I do believe,  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?  
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

---

<sup>1</sup> Alienation of mind.



To show his grief; let her be round with him;<sup>1</sup>  
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference: if she find him not,  
To England send him, or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET and certain PLAYERS.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,<sup>2</sup> who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. reprimand him with freedom.

<sup>2</sup> The meaner people seem to have sat in the pit in the time of our author.



have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod.<sup>1</sup> Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your honor.

*Ham*. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.<sup>2</sup> Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham*. O, reform it altogether. And let those

---

<sup>1</sup> The character of Herod in the ancient mysteries was always violent.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. impression or resemblance, as in a print.

that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them ; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villanous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go ; make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ? will the king hear this piece of work ?

*Po.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them ?

*Both.* Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*Ham.* What, ho, Horatio !

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Ho.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art ev'n as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

*Ho.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter :  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits  
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be  
flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;  
And crook the pregnant <sup>1</sup> hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;  
A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.  
There is a play to-night before the king :  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,  
Which I have told thee of my father's death.  
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul  
Observe my uncle : if his occulted <sup>2</sup> guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>3</sup> Give him heedful note :  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join

---

<sup>1</sup> Quick, ready.

<sup>2</sup> Secret.

<sup>3</sup> A stithy is a smith's shop.

In censure <sup>1</sup> of his seeming.

*Ho.* Well, my lord ;

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play ; I must be  
idle :

Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,  
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith ; of the camelion's dish :  
I eat the air, promise-crammed : you cannot feed  
capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ;  
these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played  
once in the university, you say ? [*to Polonius.*

*Po.* That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a  
good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact ?

*Po.* I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the  
Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital  
a calf there.—Be the players ready ?

*Ro.* Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet ; sit by me.

---

<sup>1</sup> Opinion.

*Ham.* No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

*Po.* O, ho! do you mark that? [to the King.]

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.<sup>1</sup> O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking

---

<sup>1</sup> The richest dress.

on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

*Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.*

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN very lovingly, the Queen embracing him and he her: she kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him: he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.]

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho;<sup>1</sup> it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

*Enter PROLOGUE.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

---

<sup>1</sup> Secret wickedness.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you 'll show him :  
be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to  
tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught : I 'll mark  
the play.

*Pro.* ' For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.'

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart  
gone round  
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground ;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,<sup>1</sup>  
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and  
moon  
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done !  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,

---

<sup>1</sup> Splendor, lustre.

That I distrust you ; yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :  
For women fear too much, even as they love ;  
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.  
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know ;  
And as my love is sized,<sup>1</sup> my fear is so.  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*P. King.* Faith, I must leave thee, love, and  
shortly too :

My operant<sup>2</sup> powers their functions leave to do ;  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honor'd, beloved ; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou——

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest !

Such love must needs be treason in my breast :  
In second husband let me accursed !  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

*Ham.* That's wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The instances,<sup>3</sup> that second marriage  
move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love ;  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you  
speak,

But what we do determine oft we break.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in proportion to the extent of my love.

<sup>2</sup> Active.

<sup>3</sup> Motives.



Purpose is but the slave to memory ;  
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes  
change ;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark, his favorite flies ;  
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies :  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I begun ;—  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
That our devices still are overthrown ;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our  
own :  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is  
dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven  
light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's<sup>1</sup> cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now,——

[to *Ophelia*.

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me  
here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [sleeps.

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain!

[Exit.

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there  
no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no  
offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap.<sup>2</sup> Marry, how? Tro-

---

<sup>1</sup> An anchorite's.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. to detect the villany of the king.

pically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.

*Enter* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.<sup>1</sup>

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin.—Come;—

——‘The croaking raven  
Doth bellow for revenge.’

*Lu.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and  
time agreeing;  
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban <sup>2</sup> thrice blasted, thrice infected,

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the interpreter who formerly sat on the stage at all motions or puppet-shows, and interpreted to the audience.

<sup>2</sup> Curse.

Thy natural magic and dire property  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

*[pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]*

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate :  
his name 's Gonzago : the story is extant, and  
written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon,  
how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What ! frightened with false fire ?

*Queen.* How fares my lord ?

*Po.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light :—away !

*Po.* Lights, lights, lights !

*[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]*

*Ham.* ' Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

Thus runs the world away.'

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the  
rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two  
Provincial roses on my razed<sup>1</sup> shoes, get me a  
fellowship in a cry<sup>2</sup> of players, sir ?

*Ho.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

' For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.'

---

<sup>1</sup> Slashed.

<sup>2</sup> Pack, company.

*Ho.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Ho.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,——

*Ho.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders: <sup>1</sup>—

For, if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.<sup>2</sup>—

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come, some music.

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,——

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

---

<sup>1</sup> A recorder here signifies a kind of flute.

<sup>2</sup> A corruption of *par Dieu*.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir : pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen your mother in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed : if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment ; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord ?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter : my mother, you say,——

*Ro.* Then thus she says : your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

*Ro.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us ?

*Ro.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.<sup>1</sup>

*Ro.* Good my lord, what is your cause of dis-

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. by these hands.

temper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ro.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but, 'while the grass grows,'——the proverb is something musty.

*Enter PLAYERS, with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages<sup>1</sup> with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing

---

<sup>1</sup> Holes.



you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

*Po.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in shape of a camel?

*Po.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Po.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Po.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.<sup>1</sup>—I will come by and by.

*Po.* I will say so.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Ro. Guil. Ho. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

---

<sup>1</sup> Utmost stretch.

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes  
out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot  
blood,

And do such business as the bitter day

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my  
mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none:

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.

How in my words soever she be shent,<sup>1</sup>

To give them seals,<sup>2</sup> never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*A room in the same.*

*Enter* KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,  
To let his madness range: therefore, prepare you;  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.*

We will ourselves provide:

---

<sup>1</sup> Reproved.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. put them in execution.

Most holy and religious fear it is,  
To keep those many many bodies safe,  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

*Ro.* The single and peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more  
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What 's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortised and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
voyage ;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ro. Guil.* We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Po.* My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet :  
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,  
To hear the process ; I 'll warrant, she 'll tax him  
home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.*

Thanks, dear my lord.

*[Exit Polonius.]*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven :  
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't ;—  
A brother's murder ! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will :  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence ?  
And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force ;—  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past : but, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—  
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder ;—  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ;

There is no shuffling ; there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?  
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !  
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make assay !  
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of  
steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe :  
All may be well ! *[retires and kneels.*

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying :  
And now I 'll do 't :—and so he goes to heaven :  
And so am I revenged ? That would be scann'd :<sup>1</sup>  
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.  
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;  
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save  
Heaven ?  
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him : and am I then revenged,

---

<sup>1</sup> Should be considered.

To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent :<sup>1</sup>  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;  
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;  
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't ;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

*The King rises, and advances.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below :  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.  
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

*Po.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home  
to him :  
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear  
with ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Seisure, surprisal.

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me ev'n here.

Pray you, be round with him.

*Queen.*

I'll warrant you;

Fear me not.—Withdraw; I hear him coming.

*[Polonius hides himself.]*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother; what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood,<sup>1</sup> not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

---

<sup>1</sup> Cross.



You go not, till I set you up a glass,  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder  
me?

Help, help, ho!

*Po.* [*behind.*] What, ho! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*draws.*] Dead, for a  
ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet makes a pass through the arras.*]

*Po.* [*behind.*] O, I am slain. [*falls, and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius.*]

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is  
this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed:—almost as bad, good  
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king?

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*to Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you  
down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou darest wag  
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

*Ham.* Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows  
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,  
As from the body of contraction <sup>1</sup> plucks  
The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth glow ;  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful <sup>2</sup> visage, as against the doom,  
Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ? <sup>3</sup>

*Ham.* Look here upon this picture and on this ;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :  
Hyperion's <sup>4</sup> curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
A station <sup>5</sup> like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,

---

<sup>1</sup> Contraction, for marriage contract.

<sup>2</sup> Sorrowful.

<sup>3</sup> Indices were inserted at the beginning of books in the time of our author.

<sup>4</sup> Apollo's.

<sup>5</sup> Station here means the act of standing.

To give the world assurance of a man :

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten<sup>1</sup> on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?  
You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,  
The heyday in the blood is tame, it 's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment

Would step from this to this ? Sense,<sup>2</sup> sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion : but, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err ;  
Nor sense to ecstasy<sup>3</sup> was ne'er so thrall'd,  
But it reserved some quantity of choice,  
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?<sup>4</sup>  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans<sup>5</sup> all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
Could not so mope.<sup>6</sup>

O shame, where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

---

<sup>1</sup> Grow fat.            <sup>2</sup> Sensation.            <sup>3</sup> Alienation of mind.

<sup>4</sup> Blindman's-buff.            <sup>5</sup> Without.

<sup>6</sup> Could not exhibit so much stupidity.

And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge ;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders well.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more :  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;  
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love  
Over the nasty sty ;——

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more :  
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain :  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings :<sup>1</sup>  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket !

*Queen.* No more.

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches.—  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious  
figure ?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a low mimic of kings. The vice was the fool of the old moralities.

*Queen.* Alas, he 's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to  
chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget, this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit<sup>1</sup> in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is 't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how pale  
he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.<sup>2</sup>—Do not look upon  
me;  
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert

---

<sup>1</sup> Imagination.

<sup>2</sup> Endued with understanding.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

**HAMLET.**

*Queen, Hamlet & Ghost*

*Act III. Scene IV.*





My stern effects :<sup>1</sup> then what I have to do  
Will want true color ; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this ?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there ?

*Queen.* Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear ?

*Queen.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there ! look, how it steals  
away !

My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain :  
This bodiless creation ecstasy<sup>2</sup>  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,  
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will reword, which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;  
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,

---

<sup>1</sup> Actions.

<sup>2</sup> Frenzy.

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, curb<sup>1</sup> and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence; the next more easy:  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either curb the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,  
[*pointing to Polonius.*]  
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleased it so,—  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him: so, again, good night!—

---

<sup>1</sup> Bend.

I must be cruel, only to be kind :  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
But one word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do ?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :  
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy<sup>1</sup> kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft : 'twere good, you let him know :  
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock,<sup>2</sup> from a bat, a gib,<sup>3</sup>  
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?  
No, in despite of sense and secresy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top ;  
Let the birds fly ; and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions,<sup>4</sup> in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assured, if words be made of  
breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England ; you know that ?

*Queen.* Alack !  
I had forgot ; 'tis so concluded on.

---

<sup>1</sup> Steaming with heat.

<sup>2</sup> Toad.

<sup>3</sup> Cat.

<sup>4</sup> Experiments.

*Ham.* There 's letters seal'd ; and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,<sup>1</sup>—  
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery : let it work ;  
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar ;<sup>2</sup> and it shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon : O, 'tis most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—  
This man shall set me packing.  
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.—  
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.—  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—  
Good night, mother.

*[Exeunt severally ; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. with their poisonous teeth undrawn.

<sup>2</sup> Blown up with his own bomb.

## A C T I V.

## SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves :

You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them.  
Where is your son ?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.—

*[to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.]*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

*King.* What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, 'A rat ! a rat !'  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of  
haunt,<sup>1</sup>

This mad young man ; but, so much was our love,  
We would not understand what was most fit ;  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
'To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd ;  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,  
Among a mineral <sup>2</sup> of metals base,  
Shows itself pure : he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O, Gertrude, come away !  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid :  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.  
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt Ro. and Guil.]*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we mean to do,  
And what 's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—

---

<sup>1</sup> Company.

<sup>2</sup> Mine.

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,<sup>1</sup>  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!  
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* ——Safely stowed.—[*Ro. &c. within,*  
'Hamlet! lord Hamlet!'] But soft; what noise?  
who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ro.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead  
body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

*Ro.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it  
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ro.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not  
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!  
what replication should be made by the son of a  
king?

*Ro.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

---

<sup>1</sup> Mark.



*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ro.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ro.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

---

<sup>1</sup> A childish sport, so called.



And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and  
even,

This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause : diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are relieved,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

*Ro.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he ?

*Ro.* Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your  
pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ro.* Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius ?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper ? Where ?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :  
a certain convocation of politic worms are ev'n at  
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet :  
we fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat our-  
selves for maggots : your fat king, and your lean  
beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to  
one table ; that 's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas !

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath

eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself: but, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go, seek him there. [*to some Attendants.*]

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee  
hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;  
The bark is ready, and the wind at help;  
The associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them: but, come;  
for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: father and mother is man and

wife, man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother.  
Come, for England. *[Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed  
aboard ;

Delay it not ; I'll have him hence to-night :  
Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done  
That else leans on the affair : pray you, make haste.  
*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,  
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us) thou mayst not coldly set<sup>1</sup>  
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;  
For, like the hectic in my blood, he rages,  
And thou must cure me : till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

## SCENE IV.

*A plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS and Forces marching.*

*For.* Go, captain ; from me greet the Danish  
king :  
Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras

---

<sup>1</sup> Value, estimate.

Craves the conveyance of a promised march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do 't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purposed, sir,

I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who

Commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name:  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand  
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :  
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

*Ro.* Will 't please you go, my lord ?

*Ham.* I will be with you straight. Go a little  
before. [Exeunt Ro. and Guil.

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,  
If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.  
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,<sup>1</sup>  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust<sup>2</sup> in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven<sup>3</sup> scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wis-  
dom,  
And ever three parts coward ;—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, ' This thing 's to do ;'  
Sith<sup>4</sup> I have cause, and will, and strength, and  
means,  
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me :  
Witness, this army, of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Power of comprehension.

<sup>2</sup> Grow mouldy.

<sup>3</sup> Cowardly.

<sup>4</sup> Since.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,<sup>1</sup>  
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Ho.* She is importunate; indeed, distract;  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

---

<sup>1</sup> Continent here means that which comprehends or encloses.

*Queen.* What would she have?

*Ho.* She speaks much of her father; says, she  
hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her  
heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection;<sup>1</sup> they aim<sup>2</sup> at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield  
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be  
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Queen.* 'Twere good she were spoken with; for  
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

*Oph.* Where is the Beauteous majesty of Denmark?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. to endeavor to collect some meaning from it.

<sup>2</sup> Guess.



*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?

*Oph.* 'How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.' <sup>1</sup>

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

'He is dead and gone, lady, [sings.  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.'

O, ho !

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

‘White his shroud as the mountain snow,’  
[sings.

*Enter* KING.

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* 'Larded all with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true-love showers.'

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

<sup>1</sup> Shoes.

*Oph.* Well, God 'ield you ! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this :—

‘ To morrow is Saint Valentine’s day,  
All in the morning betime ;  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine :

‘ Then up he rose, and don’d his clothes,  
And dupp’d the chamber door ;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.’

*King.* Pretty Ophelia !

*Oph.* Indeed, without an oath, I ’ll make an end on ’t :

‘ By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame !  
Young men will do ’t if they come to ’t ;  
By cock, they are to blame.

‘ Quoth she, Before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed :

[He answers.]

So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.’

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit *Horatio.*

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death: and now behold,  
O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions! First, her father slain;  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and  
whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
greenly,<sup>1</sup>

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts:  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

---

<sup>1</sup> Without judgment.

With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death ! *[a noise within.*

*Queen.*

Alack ! what noise is this ?

*Enter GENTLEMAN.*

*King.* Attend.

Where are my Switzers ? Let them guard the  
door.

What is the matter ?

*Gen.*

Save yourself, my lord :

The ocean, overpeering of his list,<sup>1</sup>  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;  
And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, ' Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !'  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds ;—  
' Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !'

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail<sup>2</sup> they  
cry !

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Boundary.

<sup>2</sup> Scent.

<sup>3</sup> Hounds run counter when they trace the scent backwards.

*King.* The doors are broke. *[noise within.]*

*Enter LAERTES armed, DANES following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

*[they retire without the door.]*

*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched<sup>1</sup> brow

Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incensed:—let him go, Gertrude;—

Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

---

<sup>1</sup> Undeiled.

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with :

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !

I dare damnation : to this point I stand ;—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes ; only I'll be revenged

Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you ?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's ;

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-  
venge,

That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and  
foe,

Winner and loser ?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then ?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my  
arms ;

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,  
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [*within.*] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* 'They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.'—

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade  
revenge,

It could not move thus.

*Oph.* You must sing, 'Down a-down, an you call  
him a-down-a.' O, how the wheel<sup>1</sup> becomes it!

---

<sup>1</sup> The burthen of the song.



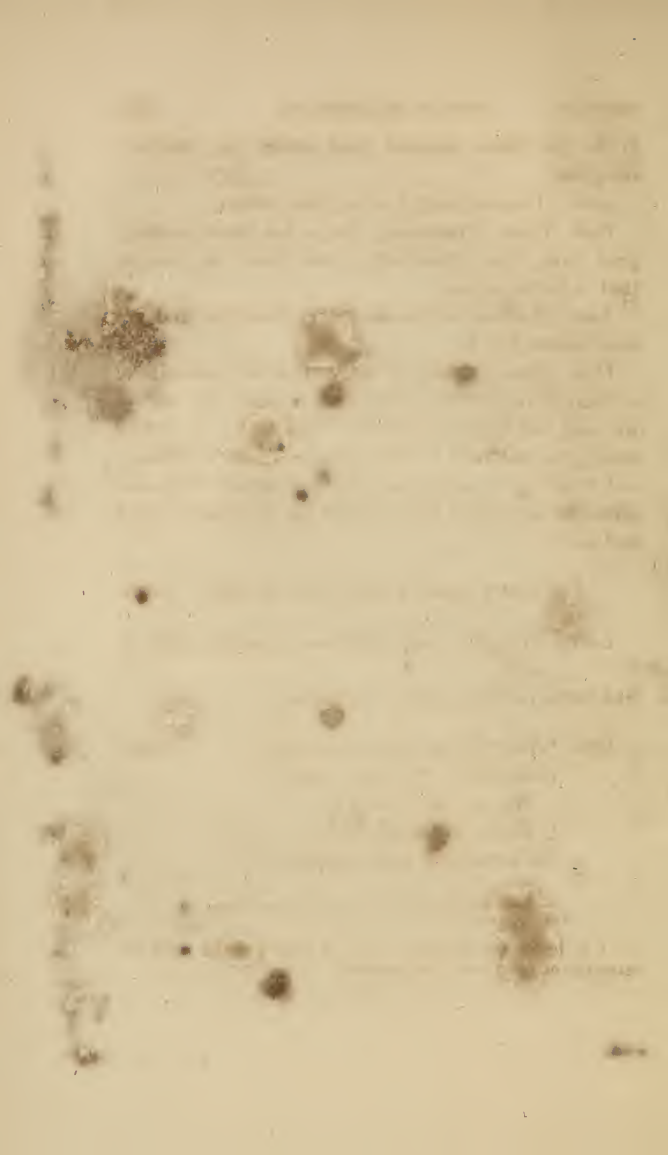


West. del.

HAMLET.

*Ang. Queen, Laertes, Ophelia &c.*

Stratling. sc.



It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.<sup>1</sup>—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say, he made a good end;—

‘For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.’ [*sings.*]

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

*Oph.* ‘And will he not come again?’ [*sings.*]

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy death-bed;

He never will come again.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. by its Sunday name, herb of grace; while mine retains the name of rue, i. e. sorrow.

‘ His beard was as white as snow ;  
All flaxen was his poll :  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan ;  
God ’a mercy on his soul ! ’

And of all christian souls, I pray God. God be wi’  
you ! *[Exit Ophelia.]*

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God ?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune<sup>1</sup> with your grief,  
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
And they shall hear and judge ’twixt you and me.  
If by direct or by collateral hand  
They find us touch’d, we will our kingdom give,  
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labor with your soul  
To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so ;  
His means of death, his obscure funeral ;—  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o’er his bones,  
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation ;  
Cry to be heard, as ’twere from heaven to earth,  
That I must call ’t in question.

*King.* So you shall ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Participate.

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter HORATIO and SERVANT.*

*Ho.* What are they that would speak with me?

*Ser.* Sailors, sir :

They say, they have letters for you.

*Ho.* Let them come in.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet:

*Enter SAILORS.*

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Ho.* Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir : it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Ho.* [*reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king : they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase : finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant, they got clear of our

ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

‘He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.’

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance  
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith<sup>1</sup> you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he, which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appears.—But tell me,

---

<sup>1</sup> Since.

Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things  
else,

You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons ;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his  
mother

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,  
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which)  
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender<sup>1</sup> bear him ;  
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves<sup>2</sup> to graces ; so that my arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost ;  
A sister driven into desperate terms ;  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,<sup>3</sup>  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections !—But my revenge will come.

---

<sup>1</sup> Common people.

<sup>2</sup> Fetters.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. if I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.



*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must  
not think,  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear  
more :  
I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,——  
How now? what news?

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :  
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! Who brought them?

*Mes.* Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them  
not;  
They were given me by Claudio; he received them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*[reads.]* ‘ High and mighty, you shall know I am  
set naked on your kingdom: to-morrow shall I beg  
leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first  
asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions  
of my sudden and more strange return.

‘ HAMLET.’

What should this mean? Are all the rest come  
back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand ?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'—  
And, in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'  
Can you advise me ?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord : but let him come :  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,  
'Thus diddest thou.'

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,—  
As how should it be so ?—how otherwise ?—  
Will you be ruled by me ?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord ;  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now re-  
turn'd,—  
As checking at<sup>1</sup> his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be ruled ;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality,

---

<sup>1</sup> Starting from. A phrase borrowed from falconry.

Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.<sup>1</sup>

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord ?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Two months  
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself and served against the French,  
And they can well on horseback : but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew unto his seat ;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured  
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,  
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was 't ?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well : he is the brooch,<sup>2</sup>  
indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Of the lowest rank.

<sup>2</sup> Ornament.

And gave you such a masterly report  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especial,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you : the scrimers<sup>1</sup> of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you opposed them: sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this,——

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father;  
But that I know, love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,<sup>2</sup>  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,

---

<sup>1</sup> Fencers; from the French word *escrimeurs*.

<sup>2</sup> In daily experience.

We should do when we would; for this 'would'  
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the  
ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself in deed your father's son  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctua-  
rise;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber:  
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-  
gether,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated,<sup>1</sup> and, in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do 't;  
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

---

<sup>1</sup> Not blunted as foils are.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
 So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,  
 Collected from all simples that have virtue  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point  
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
 It may be death.

*King.* Let's farther think of this ;  
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,  
 May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,  
 And that our drift look through our bad per-  
 formance,

'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore, this project  
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
 If this should blast in proof.<sup>1</sup> Soft ;—let me see :—  
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.<sup>2</sup>—  
 I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him  
 A chalice for the nonce ;<sup>3</sup> whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>4</sup>  
 Our purpose may hold there.—But, stay, what  
 noise ?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. as fire arms sometimes burst in proving their strength.

<sup>2</sup> Skill.

<sup>3</sup> I will have presented to him a cup for the purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Thrust.

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows ascaunt the  
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal<sup>1</sup> shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call  
them:

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable<sup>2</sup> of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drown'd?

---

<sup>1</sup> Licentious.

<sup>2</sup> Insensible.



*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I, this will give it start again;  
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T V.

### SCENE I.

*A churchyard.*

*Enter TWO CLOWNS, with spades, &c.*

1 *Clown.* Is she to be buried in christian burial  
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her  
grave straight:<sup>1</sup> the crowner hath set on her, and  
finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be unless she drowned  
herself in her own defence?

---

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

2 *Clown*. Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown*. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else: for here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown*. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown*. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou sayest: and the more pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even<sup>1</sup> christian. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

---

<sup>1</sup> Fellow.

1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.<sup>1</sup>

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes

---

<sup>1</sup> Give over.

last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown.]*

*1 Clown digs and sings.*

‘ In youth when I did love, did love,<sup>1</sup>  
Methought, it was very sweet,  
To contract ; O, the time, for, ah, my behove  
O, methought, there was nothing meet.’

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave-making.

*Ho.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* ’Tis ev’n so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*1 Clown.* ‘ But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw’d me in his clutch ;  
And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.’  
*[throws up a scull.]*

*Ham.* That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once ; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain’s jawbone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o’er-reaches ; one that would circumvent God ;—might it not ?

---

<sup>1</sup> This song was written by Lord Vaux, and is printed intire in Percy’s Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

*Ho.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Ho.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, ev'n so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats<sup>1</sup> with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clown.* 'A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,

[*sings.*

For—and a shrouding sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.'

[*throws up a scull.*

*Ham.* There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits<sup>2</sup> now, his quilllets,<sup>3</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines,

---

<sup>1</sup> An ancient game resembling quoits.

<sup>2</sup> Subtilties.                      <sup>3</sup> Nice and frivolous distinctions.

his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

*Ho.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Ho.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—  
Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown.* Mine, sir.—

‘ O, a pit of clay for to be made                    [*sings.*  
For such a guest is meet.’

*Ham.* I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

1 *Clown.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clown.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

1 *Clown.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clown.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,<sup>1</sup> or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,<sup>2</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clown.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long 's that since?

1 *Clown.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born;—he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1 *Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. we must speak with the same precision as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, &c. in a sea chart, which in our poet's time was called a card.

<sup>2</sup> Spruce, affected.



*Ham.* How came he mad?

*1 Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*1 Clown.* Faith, ev'n with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*1 Clown.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*1 Clown.* Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers nowadays that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 Clown.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 Clown.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1 Clown.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

[*takes the scull.*]

*1 Clown.* Ev'n that.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio;

a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor<sup>1</sup> she must come: make her laugh at that. —Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Ho.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Ho.* Ev'n so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

*[throws down the scull.]*

*Ho.* Ev'n so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Ho.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried,

---

<sup>1</sup> Complexion.

Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious<sup>1</sup> Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!<sup>2</sup>  
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

*Enter PRIESTS, &c. in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers! Who is this they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,  
The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo<sup>3</sup> its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark. [*retiring with Horatio.*

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth. Mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged  
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

---

<sup>1</sup> Imperial.

<sup>2</sup> Blast.

<sup>3</sup> Undo, destroy.

Shards,<sup>1</sup> flints, and pebbles should be thrown on  
her :

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,<sup>2</sup>  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done ?

1 *Priest.* No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing a *requiem*,<sup>3</sup> and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth ;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia ?

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

[*scattering flowers.*

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Deprived thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*leaps into the grave.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Broken pots or tiles.

<sup>2</sup> Garlands.

<sup>3</sup> A mass for the dead.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*advancing.*] What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis; whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them  
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,  
Hamlet the Dane. [*leaps into the grave.*

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!  
[*grappling with him.*

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen,——

*Ho.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of  
the grave.*

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this  
theme  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O, my son, what theme?

*Ham.* I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* Zounds, show me what thou 'lt do :

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't  
tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? <sup>1</sup> eat a crocodile?

I'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us ; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness ;

And thus awhile the fit will work on him :

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,<sup>2</sup>

His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir ;

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I loved you ever : but it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon  
him. [*Exit Horatio.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Eisil is vinegar ; but Steevens conjectures the Weisel is here meant, a river which falls into the Baltic ocean.

<sup>2</sup> Hatched.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;

[*to Laertes.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A hall in the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir : now shall you see  
the other :—

You do remember all the circumstance ?

*Ho.* Remember it, my lord !

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of  
fighting,

That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay  
Worse than the mutines<sup>1</sup> in the bilboes.<sup>2</sup> Rashly,  
And praised be rashness for it,—let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall ;<sup>3</sup> and that should  
teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

---

<sup>1</sup> Mutineers.

<sup>2</sup> The bilboes is a bar of iron with fetters annexed, by which disorderly sailors were anciently linked together.

<sup>3</sup> Fail.



Rough-hew them how we will.

*Ho.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Groped I to find out them : had my desire ;  
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again ; making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,  
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With, ho ! such bugs<sup>1</sup> and goblins in my life,—  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Ho.* Is 't possible ?

*Ham.* Here 's the commission ; read it at more  
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

*Ho.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villanies,  
Or<sup>2</sup> I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play ;—I sat me down ;  
Devised a new commission ; wrote it fair.  
I once did hold it, as our statist<sup>3</sup> do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much  
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now

---

<sup>1</sup> Bugbears.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> Statesmen.

It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Ho.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary;  
As love between them like the palm might flourish;  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
And stand a comma<sup>1</sup> 'tween their amities;  
And many such like as's of great charge;—  
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
Without debatement farther, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.<sup>2</sup>

*Ho.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant:  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal:  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it  
safely,  
The changeling never known: now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Ho.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment:  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat

---

<sup>1</sup> A note of connexion.

<sup>2</sup> Without time for confession of their sins.

Does by their own insinuation grow.  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Ho.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee, stand me now  
upon,—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my  
mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage;—is't not perfect con-  
science,

To quit<sup>1</sup> him with this arm? and is't not to be  
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come  
In farther evil?

*Ho.* It must be shortly known to him from Eng-  
land,

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life no more than to say, one.  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll count<sup>2</sup> his favors:  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

---

<sup>1</sup> Requite.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. make account of, value.

*Ho.*

Peace : who comes here ?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Os.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly ?

*Ho.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him : he hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'tis a chough ;<sup>1</sup> but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Os.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

*Os.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

*Os.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my complexion——

*Os.* Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter ;——

---

<sup>1</sup> A bird of the jackdaw kind.

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember——

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

*Os.* Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,<sup>1</sup> of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card<sup>2</sup> or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.<sup>3</sup>

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail: but, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Os.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Os.* Sir?

*Ho.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

---

<sup>1</sup> Distinguishing excellences.

<sup>2</sup> Compass or chart.

<sup>3</sup> 'You shall find him containing every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation.'—Johnson.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Os.* Of Laertes?

*Ho.* His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Os.* I know, you are not ignorant——

*Ham.* I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve<sup>1</sup> me.—Well, sir.

*Os.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Os.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed<sup>2</sup> he's unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Os.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Os.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has impawned,<sup>3</sup> as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,<sup>4</sup> and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

---

<sup>1</sup> Recommend.

<sup>2</sup> Excellence.

<sup>3</sup> Staked.

<sup>4</sup> That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Ho.* I knew you must be edified by the margin<sup>1</sup> ere you had done.

*Os.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german<sup>2</sup> to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on. Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

*Os.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer, no?

*Os.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Os.* Shall I deliver you so?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the margin of a book which contains explanatory notes. The whole of this dialogue is a ridicule on the court jargon of our author's time.

<sup>2</sup> Akin.



*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Os.* I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Yours, yours.—he does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

*Ho.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.<sup>1</sup>

*Ham.* He did comply with<sup>2</sup> his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that I know the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter;<sup>3</sup> a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions;<sup>4</sup> and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a LORD.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is

---

<sup>1</sup> This bird is said to run about as soon as it is hatched.

<sup>2</sup> Compliment.

<sup>3</sup> External politeness.

<sup>4</sup> 'i. e. their plausibility makes them passable, not only with the weak, but with those of sounder judgment.'—Steevens.

ready ; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment<sup>1</sup> to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

*Ho.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice : I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

*Ho.* Nay, good my lord,——

*Ham.* It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gaingiving,<sup>2</sup> as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Ho.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it : I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit ; we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes ? Let be.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mild conversation.

<sup>2</sup> Misgiving.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, *Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*[the King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]*

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence<sup>1</sup> knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the king and queen.

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
To my revenge : but in my terms of honor  
I stand aloof ; and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters, of known honor,  
I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
To keep my name ungor'd : but till that time,  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely ;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
Give us the foils ; come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes ; in mine ignorance,  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,  
You know the wager ?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord ;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it ; I have seen you both :  
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy ; let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a  
length ? *[they prepare to play.]*

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union<sup>1</sup> shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn: give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,  
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.'—Come, begin;—  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*they play.*]

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Os.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well;—again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is  
thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*]

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*they play.*]

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows:

---

<sup>1</sup> A precious pearl.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam,——

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord : I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

[*aside.*

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*aside.*

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes : you do but dally :

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.<sup>1</sup>

*Laer.* Say you so ? come on.

[*they play.*

*Os.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

*King.* Part them ; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come again.

[*the Queen falls.*

*Os.* Look to the queen there, ho !

*Ho.* They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord ?

*Os.* How is 't, Laertes ?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. you trifle with me, as if you were playing with a child.

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,  
Osric :

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen ?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no ; the drink, the drink :—O, my  
dear Hamlet !—

The drink, the drink :—I am poison'd ! [*dies.*]

*Ham.* O villany !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :

Treachery ! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*]

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art  
slain ;

No medicine in the world can do thee good ;  
In thee there is not half an hour's life ;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated<sup>1</sup> and envenom'd : the foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again : thy mother's poison'd ;  
I can no more ;—the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point

Envenom'd too !—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*stabs the King.*]

*Os. and Lords.* Treason ! treason !

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned  
Dane,

Drink off this potion :—is the union here ?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Not blunted, without a button.



*Laer.* He is justly served;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! [*dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow  
thee.

I am dead, Horatio :—wretched queen, adieu!—  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, Death,  
Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you;—  
But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou livest: report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Ho.* Never believe it;  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup; let go: by heaven, I'll have it.—  
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind  
me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story. [*march afar off, and shot within.*

What warlike noise is this?

*Os.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from  
Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio ;  
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit :  
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;  
But I do prophesy, the election lights  
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice :  
So tell him, with the occurrents,<sup>1</sup> more and less,  
Which have solicited.<sup>2</sup>—The rest is silence. [*dies.*]

*Ho.* Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,  
sweet prince ;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !—  
Why does the drum come hither ? [*march within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the ENGLISH AMBASSADORS, and others.*

*For.* Where is this sight ?

*Ho.* What is it, you would see ?  
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry<sup>3</sup> cries on<sup>4</sup> havock !—O proud death !

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 *Am.* The sight is dismal ;  
And our affairs from England come too late.  
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,  
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd ;

---

<sup>1</sup> For occurrences.

<sup>2</sup> Incited.

<sup>3</sup> Heap of dead.

<sup>4</sup> Exclaims against.

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.—

Where should we have our thanks?

*Ho.*

Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you :

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump<sup>1</sup> upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England

Are here arrived ; give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view ;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things come about : so shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause ;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fallen on the inventors' heads : all this can I

Truly deliver.

*For.*

Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :

I have some rights of memory<sup>2</sup> in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

*Ho.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw on  
more :

But let this same be presently perform'd,

Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mis-  
chance

---

<sup>1</sup> So exactly at the time.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. some rights which are remembered.

On plots and errors happen.

*For.*

Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally ; and, for his passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war

Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies : such a sight as this

Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*[a dead march.*

*[Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after  
which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

OTHELLO,  
THE MOOR OF VENICE.



## HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

## OTHELLO.

---

A story in Cynthio's novels is the prototype whence our author derived his materials for this sublime and instructive tragedy, which is assigned by Malone, after considerable hesitation, to the date of 1604; while Dr. Drake and Mr. Chalmers conjecture it to be the production of a period as late as 1612 or 1614. This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall Oct. 6, 1621, and appeared in quarto in the course of the following year; between which edition and the folio of 1623 many minute differences exist.

'The beauties of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'impress themselves so strongly on the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago



makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is 'a man not easily jealous,' yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him 'perplex'd in the extreme.'

'There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal on esteem, though it misses of approbation ; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

'Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised on him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend ; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find ; worn loosely, but not cast off ; easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

'The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story ; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

'Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.'

A R G U M E N T.

---

A Moorish general in the service of the Venetians, named Othello, by his valor and mental accomplishments captivates the affections of Desdemona, the only daughter of an eminent senator, who exposes herself to the resentment of an incensed father by eloping with her lover, and becoming his wife. These nuptials are no sooner solemnised, than Othello is required by the senate to assume the command of Cyprus, whither he is followed by Desdemona, whose influence over her husband is exerted in behalf of Cassio, who has been deprived of his lieutenantancy for an act of indiscretion, into which he has been betrayed by the devices of Iago, in order that he may at once gratify his diabolical malignity and promote his personal advancement, by instilling groundless suspicions into the ear of his commander, of a criminal attachment subsisting between his wife and Cassio ; which he substantiates by so much seeming honesty of purpose and the production of such strong external testimony, that the fierce desire of revenge in the bosom of the Moor stifles the generous sympathies of his nature, and he smothers his innocent wife, leaving the assassination of Cassio to be effected by the agency of his supposed friend, who however fails to accomplish his deadly purpose. The villany of Iago is at length brought to light by his wife Emilia, who is stabbed by her enraged husband ; while the unfortunate Othello finds means to elude the vigilance of his attendants, and deprive himself of life by a concealed dagger. In the mean time, Cassio is advanced to the government of Cyprus, and Iago is sentenced to expiate his crimes by a painful and protracted death.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

TWO OTHER SENATORS.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

CLOWN, servant to Othello.

HERALD.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.

O T H E L L O,  
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Venice. A street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Ro.* Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly,  
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of  
this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

*Ro.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy  
hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capp'd<sup>1</sup> to him; and, by the faith of man,

---

<sup>1</sup> To cap means to salute by taking off the cap.

I know my price ; I am worth no worse a place :  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,<sup>1</sup>  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;  
And, in conclusion, nonsuits  
My mediators : ' For, certes,'<sup>2</sup> says he,  
' I have already chose my officer.'  
And what was he ?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;<sup>3</sup>  
' That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick,  
Wherein the toged consuls<sup>4</sup> can propose  
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election :  
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and  
calm'd  
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :<sup>5</sup>  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, (God bless the mark !) his Moorship's an-  
cient.

---

<sup>1</sup> Circumlocution.

<sup>2</sup> Certainly.

<sup>3</sup> ' i. e. not yet completely damned, because not yet absolutely married to Bianca.'—Steevens.

<sup>4</sup> The senators habited in their gowns.

<sup>5</sup> It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.

*Ro.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service :

Preferment goes by letter <sup>1</sup> and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affined <sup>2</sup>  
To love the Moor.

*Ro.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you ;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For naught but provender ; and, when he's old,  
cashier'd :

Whip me such honest knaves : others there are,  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them ; and, when they have lined  
their coats,  
Do themselves homage : these fellows have some  
soul ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Recommendation from powerful friends.

<sup>2</sup> Bound by ties of affinity.

And such a one do I profess myself :  
For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.  
In following him, I follow but myself :  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For doves to peck at : I am not what I am.

*Ro.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,<sup>1</sup>  
If he can carry 't thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father ;  
Rouse him ; make after him ; poison his delight ;  
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen ;  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,  
As it may lose some color.

*Ro.* Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire  
yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Ro.* What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio,  
ho !

---

<sup>1</sup> Possess.



*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!  
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Ro.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you are robb'd: for shame;  
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Ro.* Most reverend signior, do you know my  
voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Ro.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:

I have charged thee, not to haunt about my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

*Ro.* Sir, sir, sir, sir,——

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Ro.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is  
Venice :

My house is not a grange.<sup>1</sup>

*Ro.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will  
not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we  
come to do you service, you think we are ruffians :  
you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary  
horse ; you'll have your nephews<sup>2</sup> neigh to you ;  
you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for  
germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou ?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your  
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast  
with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer : I know thee,  
Roderigo.

*Ro.* Sir, I will answer any thing : but I beseech  
you,

---

<sup>1</sup> A lone farm-house.

<sup>2</sup> Grandsons.

If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even<sup>1</sup> and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor;—  
If this be known to you and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant<sup>2</sup> and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy your-  
self:

If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper; call up all my people:  
This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.  
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*]

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you.

---

<sup>1</sup> The interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.

<sup>2</sup> Wandering.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)  
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,—  
However this may gall him with some check,—  
Cannot with safety cast<sup>1</sup> him ; for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,  
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business : in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely  
find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,  
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil : gone she is ;  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !—  
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a fa-  
ther ?—  
How didst thou know 'twas she ?—O, thou deceivest  
me  
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more  
tapers ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Dismiss.

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

*Ro.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Ro.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Ro.* I think I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll  
call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—  
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain  
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity



For the sea's worth. But, look : what lights come  
yonder ?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with  
torches.*

*Iago.* These are the raised father and his friends :  
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I : I must be found :  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieu-  
tenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !  
What is the news ?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general ;  
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you ?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;  
It is a business of some heat : the galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night, at one another's heels ;  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly  
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.



I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you.

[*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;<sup>1</sup>

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to——Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio: general, be advised;  
He comes to bad intent.

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Ro.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

[*they draw on both sides.*]

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years

---

<sup>1</sup> A vessel of great bulk and value.

Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd  
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound ;—  
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy ;  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation ;—  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou ; to fear,<sup>1</sup> not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms ;  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,  
That waken motion :—I'll have it disputed on.  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking :  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison ; till fit time

---

<sup>1</sup> To terrify.

Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior;  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How? the duke in council?  
In this time of the night?—Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own:  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. A council-chamber.*

*The DUKE and SENATORS sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition<sup>1</sup> in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

---

<sup>1</sup> Consistency.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred :

But though they jump not on a just account,

(As in these cases, where the aim<sup>1</sup> reports,

'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :

I do not so secure me in the error,

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

*Sail.* [*within.*] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

*Enter an OFFICER with a SAILOR.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now, what's the business ?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes :

So was I bid report here to the state

By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pageant,

To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;

And let ourselves again but understand,

That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question<sup>2</sup> bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Conjecture.

<sup>2</sup> Less opposition.

<sup>3</sup> State of defence.

But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in ;—if we make thought of  
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first ;  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for  
Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you  
guess ?

*Mes.* Of thirty sail ; and now do they restem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-  
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town ?

*1 Sen.* He 's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us ; wish him post, post-haste :  
despatch.

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and  
*Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ  
you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—  
I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior :  
[*to Brabantio.*

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon  
me ;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general  
care

Take hold on me : for my particular grief  
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !

*Sen.* Dead ?

*Bra.* Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans <sup>1</sup> witchcraft could not——

---

<sup>1</sup> Without.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
And you of her ;—the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.<sup>1</sup>

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to  
this ? [to Othello.

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true ; true, I have married her :  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my  
speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action <sup>2</sup> in the tented field ;  
And little of this great world can I speak

---

<sup>1</sup> Charge, accusation.

<sup>2</sup> Best exertion.



More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious pa-  
tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)  
I won his daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself: and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,  
That will confess, perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof,  
Without more certain and more overt test,<sup>1</sup>  
'Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming,<sup>2</sup> do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—

---

<sup>1</sup> Open proof.

<sup>2</sup> Of weak show.

Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report;  
The trust, the office I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]  
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance <sup>1</sup> in my travels' history :  
Wherein of antres <sup>2</sup> vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
                  heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to  
                  hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline ;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently : <sup>3</sup> I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
                  strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Behavior.

<sup>2</sup> Caves.

<sup>3</sup> For attentively, i. e. with attention to all its parts.

She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd  
me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used :  
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter  
too.—

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak :  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :  
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you I am bound for life and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you : you are the lord of duty ;  
I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my hus-  
band ;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father ;  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you ! I have done.—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise,<sup>1</sup> or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favor.

When remedies are past the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the  
thief :

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;  
We lose it not so long as we can smile.

---

<sup>1</sup> Degree.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he  
hears ;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the  
ear.—

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of  
state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the  
place is best known to you : and though we have  
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a  
more safer voice on you : you must therefore be  
content to slubber<sup>1</sup> the gloss of your new fortunes  
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize<sup>2</sup>  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness ; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Obscure.

<sup>2</sup> Acknowledge.

Due reference of place and exhibition ;<sup>1</sup>  
With such accommodation and besort,<sup>2</sup>  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be 't at her father's.

*Bra.* I 'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I : I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye.—Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world : my heart 's subdued  
Even to the very quality<sup>3</sup> of my lord.  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate ;  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war ;—  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords : 'beseech you, let her  
will

---

<sup>1</sup> Pecuniary allowance.

<sup>2</sup> Attendance.

<sup>3</sup> Quality here means profession, i. e. the life of a soldier.

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite ;  
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,<sup>1</sup>  
In my disjunct and proper satisfaction ;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :  
And Heaven defend<sup>2</sup> your good souls, that you  
think

I will your serious and great business scant,  
For<sup>3</sup> she is with me. No : when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel<sup>4</sup> with wanton dulness  
My speculative and active instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business ;—  
Let housewives make a skillet<sup>5</sup> of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation !

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going : the affair cries—haste,  
And speed must answer it : you must hence to-  
night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord ?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet  
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you ;

---

<sup>1</sup> For affections.

<sup>2</sup> Forbid.

<sup>3</sup> Because.

<sup>4</sup> Blind.

<sup>5</sup> A small kettle.



With such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient ;  
A man he is of honesty and trust :  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one : and, noble signior,  
[to *Brabantio*.

If virtue no delighted<sup>1</sup> beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to  
see :

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

*Ro.* Iago.

*Iago.* What sayest thou, noble heart ?

*Ro.* What will I do, thinkest thou ?

---

<sup>1</sup> For delighting.

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Ro.* I will incontinently<sup>1</sup> drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Ro.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,<sup>2</sup> I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Ro.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poize another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason, to cool

---

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> A cant term for a wanton.

our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect<sup>1</sup> or scion.

*Ro.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor with a usurped beard:<sup>2</sup> I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor;—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coliquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change; she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning:—make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring<sup>3</sup> barbarian

---

<sup>1</sup> A cutting.

<sup>2</sup> Change your countenance with a false beard.

<sup>3</sup> Wandering.

and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Ro.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me;—go, make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Ro.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Ro.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Ro.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning; do you hear?

*Ro.* I am changed: I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowlege should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office : I know not, if 't be true ;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do, as if for surety. He holds <sup>1</sup> me well ;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will ;—  
A double knavery ;—how ? how ?—Let me see.—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,  
That he is too familiar with his wife.—  
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected ; framed to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.  
I have 't : it is engender'd.—Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light. [Exit.

## A C T I I.

## SCENE I.

*A sea-port town in Cyprus. A platform.*

*Enter* MONTANO *and* TWO GENTLEMEN.

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Esteems.

1 *Gen.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood.

I cannot, 'twixt the haven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gen.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous  
main,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:<sup>1</sup>  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:  
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter* THIRD GENTLEMAN.

3 *Gen.* News, lords! our wars are done;  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of  
Venice

---

<sup>1</sup> The constellation Bootes, or Arctophylax.

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How ! is this true ?

*3 Gen.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronese ; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore : the Moor himself 's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on 't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gen.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak  
of comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray Heaven he be ;  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho !  
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.

*3 Gen.* Come, let 's do so ;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor : O, let the Heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !







*Re-enter* SECOND GENTLEMAN.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favorable and happy speed :  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling  
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal <sup>1</sup> natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she ?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-  
tain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath ;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort !—O, behold !

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and  
*Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore !  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—  
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of Heaven,

---

<sup>1</sup> Destructive.

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round !

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived ; nor know I aught,  
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear :—how lost you company ?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship : but, hark ! a sail.

*[cry within, ' A sail, a sail ! ' Then guns heard.]*

*2 Gen.* They give their greeting to the citadel :  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.

*[Exit Gentleman.]*

Good ancient, you are welcome ; welcome, mistress.

*[to Emilia.]*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

*[kissing her.]*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her  
lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You 'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much :

I find it still, when I have list<sup>1</sup> to sleep :  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

---

<sup>1</sup> Desire.

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out  
of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me if thou  
shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing if not critical.<sup>1</sup>

*Des.* Come on; assay.—There's one gone to the  
harbor?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—  
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,  
It plucks out brains and all: but my muse labors,  
And thus she is deliver'd:—

---

<sup>1</sup> Censorious.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,—  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit;—

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond<sup>1</sup> paradoxes, to make  
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise  
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish there-  
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a  
deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the autho-  
rity of her merit, did justly put on<sup>2</sup> the vouch of  
very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—‘Now I may;’  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

---

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.

<sup>2</sup> Challenge.

She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;  
See suitors following, and not look behind;—  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,——

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!—  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal<sup>1</sup> counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said; whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.—Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve<sup>2</sup> thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in.<sup>3</sup> Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake! —[*trumpet.*] The Moor; I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. gross and licentious.

<sup>2</sup> Shackle, fetter.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. to show your good breeding and gallantry.

*Cus.* Lo, where he comes !

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior !

*Des.* My dear Othello !

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The Heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow !

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers !—  
I cannot speak enough of this content ;  
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,  
[*kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make !

*Iago.* O, you are well tuned now !  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am. [aside.

*Oth.* Come, let's to the castle.—  
News, friends ; our wars are done ; the Turks are  
drown'd.—



Stoising del.

Starting sc.

O THELLO

*Obello, Dieudonna, Iago, Cassio, &c.*





How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—  
Honey, you shall be well desired<sup>1</sup> in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion,<sup>2</sup> and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.  
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as (they say)  
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in  
their natures more than is native to them,—list me.  
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of  
guard.—First, I must tell thee this;—Desdemona is  
directly in love with him.

*Ro.* With him? why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first  
loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her  
fantastical lies: and will she love him still for  
prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her  
eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have  
to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull

---

<sup>1</sup> Much solicited by invitation.

SHAK.

<sup>2</sup> Without method.

XIV.

P

with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favor; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor: very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant<sup>1</sup> and unforced position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slippery and subtle knave: a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Ro.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.<sup>2</sup>

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor; blessed pudding! Didst

---

<sup>1</sup> Evident.

<sup>2</sup> Disposition.

thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ?  
didst not mark that ?

*Ro.* Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand ; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo ! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion : pish !—but, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you : Cassio knows you not ;—I'll not be far from you : do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline ; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

*Ro.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler ; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you : provoke him, that he may ; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again,<sup>1</sup> but by the displanting of Cassio : so shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them ; and the impediment

---

<sup>1</sup> ' i. e. whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as not to retain some bitterness.'—Johnson.

most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Ro.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Ro.* Adieu.

[*Exit.*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure: which thing to do,— If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash<sup>1</sup> For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,

---

<sup>1</sup> To trash signifies to place a stone on a hound's neck to prevent him from outstripping his companions.

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;<sup>1</sup>  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,<sup>2</sup>—  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused :  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A street.*

*Enter HERALD, with a proclamation ; people following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere<sup>3</sup> perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials : so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices<sup>4</sup> are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello !

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the practice of wrestlers.

<sup>2</sup> In the grossest manner.

<sup>3</sup> Intire.

<sup>4</sup> Rooms in the castle.

## SCENE III.

*A hall in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do ;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to 't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night : to-morrow, with our earliest,  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear  
love ;

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;

[*to Desdemona.*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [*Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attend.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o'clock : our general cast<sup>1</sup> us thus early for the love of his Desdemona ; whom let us not therefore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dismissed.



*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! Methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified<sup>1</sup> too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

---

<sup>1</sup> Slyly mixed with water.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,  
Roderigo,  
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out-  
ward,  
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:  
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honors in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,—  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups;  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle:—but here they come.  
If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse<sup>1</sup>  
already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as  
I am a soldier.

---

<sup>1</sup> A jovial draught.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

‘ And let me the canakin clink, clink ;      [*sings.*

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier’s a man ;

A life’s but a span ;

Why then let a soldier drink.’

Some wine, boys !      [*wine brought in.*

*Cas.* Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking ?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant ; and I’ll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England !

‘ King Stephen was a worthy peer ; <sup>1</sup>

His breeches cost him but a crown :

He held them sixpence all too dear ;

With that he call’d the tailor lown.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a worthy fellow.

‘ He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree :  
’Tis pride that pulls the country down ;  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.’

Some wine, ho !

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again ?

*Cas.* No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, Heaven’s above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It’s true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let’s have no more of this ; let’s to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let’s look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* To the platform, masters ; come, let’s set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before :  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar,  
And give direction ; and do but see his vice :  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus ?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :  
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,<sup>1</sup>  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well,  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo ? *[aside.*  
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.

*[Exit Roderigo.]*

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft infirmity :  
It were an honest action, to say  
So to the Moor.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island :  
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But, hark ! what noise !  
[*cry within,—‘ Help ! help !’*]

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue ! you rascal !

*Mon.* What’s the matter, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* A knave !—teach me my duty !

I’ll beat the knave into a twiggen <sup>1</sup> bottle.

*Ro.* Beat me !

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*striking Roderigo.*]

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant ;

[*staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I’ll knock you o’er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you’re drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk ! [they fight.]

*Iago.* Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny.  
[*aside to Roderigo, who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant ;—alas, gentlemen ;—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;—

Help, masters !—Here’s a goodly watch, indeed !

[*bell rings.*]

Who’s that that rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !

---

<sup>1</sup> Wicker.

The town will rise : God's will, lieutenant ! hold ;  
You will be shamed for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here ?

*Mon.* Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant ;—sir ;—Montano ;—gentlemen ;—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold, hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turks ; and to ourselves do that,  
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :  
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,  
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—  
Silence that dreadful bell ; it frights the isle  
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know ;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter,<sup>1</sup> and in terms like bride and groom

---

<sup>1</sup> On our station.



Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting men)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
These legs, that brought me to a part of it !

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure : <sup>1</sup> what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
me,—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice ;  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Judgment.

And passion, having my best judgment collied,<sup>1</sup>  
Assays to lead the way : if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;  
And he that is approved<sup>2</sup> in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court of guard and safety !  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

*Mon.* If partially affined,<sup>3</sup> or leagued in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near :  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;  
And Cassio following him with determined sword,  
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest, by his clamor, (as it so fell out)

---

<sup>1</sup> Darkened.

<sup>2</sup> Convicted by proof.

<sup>3</sup> Related by nearness of office.

The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before : when I came back,  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust ; even as again they were,  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter can I not report :—  
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee ;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up.  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter, dear ?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting : come away to  
bed.

Sir, for your hurts,  
Myself will be your surgeon : lead him off.

[*to Montano, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,  
'To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*]

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, Heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood,<sup>1</sup> a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot?<sup>2</sup> and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou

---

<sup>1</sup> Dismissed in his anger.

<sup>2</sup> Talk foolishly.

invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against

it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay<sup>1</sup> worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

---

<sup>1</sup> Wager.

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,  
Probal<sup>1</sup> to thinking, and, indeed, the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful<sup>2</sup>  
As the free elements: and then for her  
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,  
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,  
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest<sup>3</sup> at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now: for while this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear;—  
That she repeals<sup>4</sup> him for her body's lust;  
And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;

---

<sup>1</sup> For probable.

<sup>3</sup> Tempt,

<sup>2</sup> Liberal, bountiful.

<sup>4</sup> Recalls.



And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Ro.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?  
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things  
are to be done;—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump<sup>1</sup> when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife :—ay, that's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

## A C T I I I.

## SCENE I.

*Before the castle.*

*Enter CASSIO and some MUSICIANS.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here (I will content your  
pains)  
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow,  
general. [music.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* Why, masters, have your instruments  
been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Mu.* How, sir, how?

*Clown.* Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mu.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clown.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mu.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clown.* Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument  
that I know. But, masters, here's money for you;

---

<sup>1</sup> Just at the time.

and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mu.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clown.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mu.* We have none such, sir.

*Clown.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clown.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets.<sup>1</sup> There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

*Clown.* She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona

---

<sup>1</sup> Nice and frivolous distinctions.

Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I 'll send her to you presently ;  
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emi.* Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry  
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it ;  
And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moor replies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,  
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he  
loves you ;  
And needs no other suitor but his likings,  
To take the safest occasion by the front,  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emi.* Pray you, come in :  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* GENTLEMEN.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the state:  
That done, I will be walking on the works:  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we  
see 't?

*Gen.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Before the castle.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emi.* Good madam, do; I know it grieves my  
husband

As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow!—Do not doubt,  
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord;  
You have known him long; and be you well as-  
sured,

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance;—  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame,<sup>1</sup> and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emi.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay,

---

<sup>1</sup> I will make him tame, like a hawk, by depriving him of sleep.

And hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease ;  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, well,  
Do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

*Iago.* Ha ! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say ?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord ; or if—I know not  
what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think  
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean ?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my  
lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take ;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face :

I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now ?

*Des.* Ay, sooth ; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me :  
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.



*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home :  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of their best)<sup>1</sup> is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering<sup>2</sup> on. What! Michael  
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. must not spare the best men of the army when their punishment may afford a wholesome example.

<sup>2</sup> Hesitating.

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon :

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on norishing dishes, or keep you warm ;  
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit  
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize <sup>1</sup> and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing :

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this ;

To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you ? no. Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with Emilia.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

---

<sup>1</sup> Weight.

Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
No farther harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted  
with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ?

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed.—Discern'st thou aught  
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord ?

*Oth.* Honest ? ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?

*Oth.* Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean some-  
thing :

I heard thee say but now,—thou likedst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, ‘ In-  
deed ! ’

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them  
breath ;—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,

They are close denotements, working from the  
heart,

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest  
man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of  
thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me :

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and  
false ;—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets<sup>1</sup> and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and makest his  
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess;  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not;—I entreat you then,  
From one that so imperfectly conjects,<sup>2</sup>  
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man and woman, dear my  
lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-  
sands:  
But he that filches from me my good name,

---

<sup>1</sup> Courts of inquiry.

<sup>2</sup> For conjectures.

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your  
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy :  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly  
loves !

*Oth.* O misery !

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;  
But riches, fineless,<sup>1</sup> is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why, why is this ?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,  
Is—once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate<sup>2</sup> and blown surmises,

---

<sup>1</sup> Endless, unbounded.

<sup>2</sup> Strained.

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me  
jealous,

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well :

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;

For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;  
I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this ;—  
Away at once with love or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this ; for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :

I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abused ; look to 't :

I know our country disposition well ;

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands ; their best con-  
science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your  
looks,

She loved them most.

*Oth.*

And so she did.



*Iago.* Why, go to, then ;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seel<sup>1</sup> her father's eyes up, close as oak ;—  
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—but I am much to  
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love : but I do see you are  
moved :

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues,<sup>2</sup> nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at.—Cassio's my worthy  
friend :—

My lord, I see you are moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved :  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so, and long live you to  
think so !

*Oth.* And yet, how nature, erring from itself,——

---

<sup>1</sup> Blind.

<sup>2</sup> Conclusions.

*Iago.* Ay, there 's the point:—as,—to be bold  
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :  
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And, happily,<sup>1</sup> repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;  
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, *Iago*.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*going.*]

*Oth.* Why did I marry ? This honest creature,  
doubtless,  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your  
honor  
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time.  
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment <sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> For haply.

<sup>2</sup> Urgently solicit his restoration to office.

With any strong or vehement importunity ;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,<sup>1</sup>  
Though that her jesses<sup>2</sup> were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers<sup>3</sup> have ; or, for I am declined  
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :—  
She's gone ; I am abused ; and my relief  
Must be, to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses : yet 'tis the plague of great ones ;  
Prerogative are they less than the base :  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,

---

<sup>1</sup> A haggard is an untamed hawk ; also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.

<sup>2</sup> Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.

<sup>3</sup> Men of intrigue.

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not  
well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away  
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

*[he puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.]*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

*[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]*

*Emi.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjured her she should ever keep it)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give 't Iago.  
What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter* IAGO.

*Iago.* How now ! what do you here alone ?

*Emi.* Do not you chide : I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me ?—it is a common thing.

*Emi.* Ha !

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emi.* O, is that all ? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief ?

*Emi.* What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her ?

*Emi.* No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench ! give it me.

*Emi.* What will you do with it, that you have  
been so earnest  
To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* Why, what 's that to you ?

[*snatching it.*]

*Emi.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give it me again. Poor lady ! she 'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known of 't ; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*]  
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it : trifles, light as air,

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison.  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur :—I did say so :—

*Enter* OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandra-  
gora,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst<sup>2</sup> yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha ! ha ! false to me ? to me ?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the  
rack.

I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord ?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of  
lust ?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

---

<sup>1</sup> The mandragoras, or mandrake, has a powerful soporific quality.

<sup>2</sup> Possessedst.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known : O, now, for ever  
Farewell, the tranquil mind ! farewell, content !  
Farewell, the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell, the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,—  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

*Iago.* Is it possible ? My lord,——

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore ;

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my waked wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this ?

*Oth.* Make me to see it ; or, at the least, so  
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

*Iago.* My noble lord,——

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,



Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;<sup>1</sup>  
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace ! O heaven defend me !  
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?  
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched  
fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice !—  
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O  
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay : thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not :  
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied !

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :  
I do repent me that I put it to you.

---

<sup>1</sup> Pity.

You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may; but, how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction; you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living<sup>1</sup> reason that she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office:

But, sith<sup>2</sup> I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:

---

<sup>1</sup> Manifest.

<sup>2</sup> Since.

One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—‘ Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ! ’

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;  
Cry, ‘ O, sweet creature ! ’ and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck’d up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips ; then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh’d, and kiss’d ; and then  
Cried, ‘ Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor ! ’

*Oth.* O monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion :  
’Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I’ll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing  
done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife’s hand ?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one ; ’twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that ; but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife’s) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,——

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see ’tis true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :

'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne <sup>1</sup>

To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues !

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood !

*Iago.* Patience, I say : your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable <sup>2</sup> and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*kneels.*  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.—

[*kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !

You elements, that clip <sup>3</sup> us round about !

Witness, that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the heart on which thou wast enthroned.

<sup>2</sup> Capable for capacious.

<sup>3</sup> Embrace.

And to obey shall be in me remorse,<sup>1</sup>  
What bloody work soever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* CLOWN.

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clown.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clown.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. an act of tenderness to Othello, not of malice to his wrongers.

*Des.* Go to : where lodges he ?

*Clown.* To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this ?

*Clown.* I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

*Clown.* I will catechise the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him ; bid him come hither : tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*Clown.* To do this, is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

*Emi.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes : <sup>1</sup> and, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

*Emi.* Is he not jealous ?

*Des.* Who, he ? I think, the sun, where he was born,

---

<sup>1</sup> Portuguese coin.

Drew all such humors from him.

*Emi.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.—[*aside.*] O, hardness  
to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my  
lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no  
sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—  
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours re-  
quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so:  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave  
hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your  
promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?



*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me :  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault :

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :

She was a charmer,<sup>1</sup> and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she  
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her : I did so ; and take heed of 't ;

Make it a darling like your precious eye :

To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is it possible ?

*Oth.* 'Tis true ; there 's magic in the web of it :  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

---

<sup>1</sup> Enchantress.

The sun to make two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk ;  
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed ! is 't true ?

*Oth.* Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then, would to heaven, that I had never  
seen it.

*Oth.* Ha ! wherefore ?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

*Oth.* Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out of the  
way ?

*Des.* Heaven bless us !

*Oth.* Say you ?

*Des.* It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

*Oth.* Ha !

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't ; let me see it.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit :

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind mis-  
gives.

*Des.* Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* A man that, all his time,  
Hath founded his good fortune on your love ;

Shared dangers with you;——

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [*Exit Othello.*]

*Emi.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emi.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:  
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,  
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news  
with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,  
Intirely honor: I would not be delay'd.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purposed merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favor,<sup>1</sup> as in humor alter'd.  
So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best;  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,<sup>2</sup>  
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emi.* He went hence but now,  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:  
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of  
state,—*[Exit Iago.]*  
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,<sup>3</sup>  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

---

<sup>1</sup> In features.

<sup>2</sup> Within the shot of his anger.

<sup>3</sup> Some treason which has not taken effect.

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so :  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not  
                    gods ;

Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;  
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he 's indited falsely.

*Emi.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you  
                    think ;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

*Emi.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so :  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's  
                    mind !

*Emi.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-  
                    about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio !

*Cas.* What makes you from home ?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?  
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?  
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?  
O weary reckoning !

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca ;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;  
But I shall, in a more continue time,<sup>1</sup>  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[*giving her Desdemond's handkerchief.*]  
Take me this work out.<sup>2</sup>

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this ?  
This is some token from a newer friend :  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is it come to this ? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman !  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous  
now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. time less interrupted, more my own.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. copy this work in another handkerchief.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough, it will) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not, that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Give way to circumstances.



## A C T I V.

## SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private?*Oth.* An unauthorised kiss.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil.  
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt  
heaven.*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being  
hers,  
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too;  
May she give that?*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft, that have it not:  
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—

Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,<sup>1</sup>—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.

*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced<sup>2</sup> or supplied<sup>3</sup> them, cannot choose  
But they must blab——

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but, be you well assured,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie——

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.

---

<sup>1</sup> The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

<sup>2</sup> Overcome.

<sup>3</sup> Old spelling of supplied, i. e. softened.

—To confess, and be hanged for his labor.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction.<sup>1</sup> It is not words that shake me thus.—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—  
[*falls in a trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What is the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:  
The lethargy must have his quiet course;  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—  
[*Exit Cassio.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> 'i. e. this passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities.'—Johnson.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man:

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoked,

May draw with you: there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper<sup>1</sup> beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.<sup>2</sup>

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Common.

<sup>2</sup> Within the bounds of patience.

<sup>3</sup> Alienation of mind.

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face ;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago ?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

*Iago.* That 's not amiss ;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?  
[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature,  
That dotes on Cassio : as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one ;  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
And his unbookish <sup>1</sup> jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior

---

<sup>1</sup> Ignorant.

Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of 't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! [*aside.*

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves  
me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*aside.*

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*aside.*

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*aside.*

*Cas.* I marry her!—what? a customer!<sup>2</sup> I pr'ythee,  
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so un-  
wholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh that win. [*aside.*

*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry  
her.

---

<sup>1</sup> Title of lieutenant.

<sup>2</sup> A common woman.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well. [*aside.*]

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. [*aside.*]

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble: by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;——

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*aside.*]

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me! ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*aside.*]

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew!<sup>1</sup> marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

---

<sup>1</sup> A polecat.



What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it! I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!  
[*aside.*]

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.  
[*Exit.*]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [Exit *Cassio.*]

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O, Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand; and to see how he

prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing :—  
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand, a thousand times:—and then of so gentle a condition!<sup>1</sup>

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of so sweet a disposition.

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good; the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight. [*a trumpet within.*]

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

*Lo.* Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir!

*Lo.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*gives him a packet.*]

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*opens the packet, and reads.*]

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior:  
Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lo.* I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'  
[reads.

*Lo.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.—  
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much  
To atone<sup>1</sup> them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lo.* May be, the letter moved him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on 't.

*Oth.* Indeed?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [striking her.

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lo.* My lord, this would not be believed in  
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'tis very much.

---

<sup>1</sup> Reconcile.,

Make her amends ; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—  
Out of my sight !

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you.

[*going.*

*Lo.* Truly, an obedient lady :

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress,——

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir ?

*Lo.* Who, I, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay ; you did wish that I would make her  
turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again : and she can weep, sir, weep ;  
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—  
Very obedient ;—proceed you in your tears.—  
Concerning this, sir ;—O, well-painted passion !  
I am commanded home :—get you away ;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt !

[*Exit Desdemona.*

Cassio shall have my place : and, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-  
keys !

[*Exit.*

*Lo.* Is this the noble Moor, whom our full se-  
nate

Call all-in-all sufficient? this the noble nature,  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue,  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much changed.

*Lo.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He is that he is: I may not breathe my  
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to Heaven he were.

*Lo.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I  
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lo.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him;

And his own courses will denote him so,  
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lo.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then ?

*Emi.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emi.* But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard  
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper ?

*Emi.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way ?

*Emi.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing ?

*Emi.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That 's strange.

*Emi.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest ;  
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,  
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There 's no man happy ; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither ; go.

*[Exit Emilia.]*

She says enough ; yet she 's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :



And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her  
do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress:

*[to Emilia.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery!—nay, despatch.

*[Exit Emilia.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it; damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-  
selves

Should fear to seise thee; therefore be double-  
damn'd;

Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

And yet she'll kneel and pray: I have seen her  
do so.

*Desdemona smiles, with some passion.*

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come in here.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this?

Oth. Some of your fancies, mistress:

*[To Emilia.]*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry loud, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery!—nay, despatch.

*[Exit Emilia.]*

Des. Upon my knees, what hath your speech im-  
port?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true  
and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;  
Loose, being like one of heaven's cherubs thence,  
where

Shouldst bear as mild as doves, therefore be double-  
damned;

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.



Porter, del.

T. Starling sc.

**OTHELLO.**

*Othello and Desdemona.*  
*Act IV. Scene II.*



*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona! away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost  
him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleased Heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at;—  
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well.  
But there, where I have garner'd<sup>1</sup> up my heart;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

---

<sup>1</sup> Treasured.

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee;—would, thou hadst  
ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon? What committed!  
Committed!—O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
'That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it.—What committed!—  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O, Heaven forgive us !

*Oth.* I cry you mercy then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell ;—you ! you ! ay, you !  
We have done our course ; there 's money for your  
pains :

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emi.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—  
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emi.* Good madam, what 's the matter with my  
lord ?

*Des.* With who ?

*Emi.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord ?

*Emi.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none : do not talk to me, Emilia ;

I cannot weep ; nor answer I have none,  
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emi.* Here is a change, indeed !

[*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  
How have I been behaved, that he might stick



The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :  
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emi.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emi.* He call'd her, whore : a beggar, in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.<sup>1</sup>

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know : I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

*Emi.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? Would it not make one weep?

---

<sup>1</sup> His drab.

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, Heaven doth know.

*Emi.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

*Emi.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his  
bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her  
company?

What place? what time? what form? what like-  
lihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—  
O, heaven, that such companions<sup>1</sup> thou'dst unfold;  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emi.* O, fie upon him! Some such squire he was,  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,<sup>2</sup>  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago,

---

<sup>1</sup> Fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Inside out.

What shall I do to win my lord again ?  
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel.—  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense  
Delighted them in any other form ;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;  
It does abhor me, now I speak the word :  
To do the act that might the addition<sup>1</sup> earn,  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humor :  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,——

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you. [*trumpets.*]  
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !  
And the great messengers of Venice stay.  
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Title.

*Ro.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Ro.* Every day thou doffest me <sup>1</sup> with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Ro.* Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Ro.* With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; <sup>2</sup> but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Ro.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Ro.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my

---

<sup>1</sup> Puttest me off.

<sup>2</sup> Requital.

unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Ro.* Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Ro.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Ro.* Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Ro.* Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Ro.* How do you mean, removing of him ?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

*Ro.* And that you would have me do ?

*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure ; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me : I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : <sup>1</sup> about it.

*Ro.* I will hear farther reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Another room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and  
*Attendants.*

*Lo.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

*Oth.* O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lo.* Madam, good night : I humbly thank your ladyship.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. is wasting apace.

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

O, Desdemona,——

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

*Emi.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent.<sup>1</sup>  
He hath commanded me to go to bed;  
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emi.* Dismiss me?

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.  
We must not now displease him.

*Emi.* I would, you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—  
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emi.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

---

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.



If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emi.* Come, come ; you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,<sup>1</sup>  
And did forsake her : she had a song of—Willow ;  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it : that song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind : I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emi.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emi.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* And he speaks well.

*Emi.* I know a lady in Venice, who would have  
walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether  
lip.

## I.

*Des.* ' The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore  
tree ;

[*singing.*

Sing all a green willow ;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her  
knee ;

Sing willow, willow, willow.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wild, inconstant.



The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her  
moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the  
stones ;'

Lay by these :

' Sing willow, willow, willow ;'

Pr'ythee, hie thee ; he 'll come anon.—

' Sing all a green willow must be my garland.'

II.

' Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve ;—'

Nay, that's not next. — Hark ! who is it that  
knocks ?

*Emi.* It is the wind.

*Des.* ' I call'd my love, false love ; but what said  
he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you 'll couch with mo men.'

So get thee gone : good night. Mine eyes do itch :  
Doth that bode weeping ?

*Emi.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so.—O, these men,  
these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind ?

*Emi.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world ?

*Emi.* Why, would not you ?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light !

*Emi.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light :  
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world ?

*Emi.* The world is a huge thing : 'tis a great  
price

For a small vice.

*Des.* Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emi.* By my troth, I think I should, and undo 't  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn ; nor  
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty ex-  
hibition : <sup>1</sup> but, for the whole world,——Why, who  
would not make her husband a cuckold to make him  
a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for 't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for  
the whole world.

*Emi.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ;  
and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong  
in your own world, and you might quickly make it  
right.

---

<sup>1</sup> Pecuniary allowance.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emi.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many  
To the vantage,<sup>1</sup> as would store the world they  
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite ;<sup>2</sup>  
Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some  
grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense<sup>3</sup> like them : they see and  
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?  
I think it is : and doth affection breed it ?  
I think it doth : is 't frailty that thus errs ?  
It is so too : and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?  
Then, let them use us well ; else, let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night. Heaven me such  
usage send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Over and above.

<sup>2</sup> Abridge our pin-money in a pet.

<sup>3</sup> Sensation.

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*A street.**Enter* IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will  
he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;  
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :  
It makes us or it mars us ; think on that ;  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Ro.* Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy  
sword. *[retires to a little distance.*

*Ro.* I have no great devotion to the deed ;  
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—  
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

*[goes to his stand.*

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat<sup>1</sup> almost to  
the sense,<sup>2</sup>

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pimple.

<sup>2</sup> To the quick.

As gifts to Desdemona ;—

It must not be : if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

'That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him : there stand I in much  
peril.

No, he must die :—but, so ; I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Ro.* I know his gait ; 'tis he :—villain, thou diest.

*[rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou think'st :  
I will make proof of thine.

*[draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

*Ro.*

O, I am slain !

*[Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind  
in the leg, and exit.*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho ! murder !  
murder ! *[falls.*

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

*Ro.* O, villain that I am !

*Oth.*

Hark ! 'tis even so.

*Cas.* O, help ! ho ! light ! a surgeon !

*Oth.* 'Tis he.—O brave Iago, honest and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come :

Forth<sup>1</sup> of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are  
blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be  
spotted. *[Exit Othello.*

*Enter* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ?<sup>2</sup> murder !  
murder !

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very  
direful.

*Cas.* O, help !

*Lo.* Hark !

*Ro.* O wretched villain !

*Lo.* Two or three groans !—it is a heavy<sup>3</sup> night :  
These may be counterfeits ; let 's think 't unsafe  
To come in to the cry, without more help.

*Ro.* Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter* IAGO, *with a light.*

*Lo.* Hark !

*Gra.* Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light  
and weapons.

*Iago.* Who 's there ? whose noise is this, that  
cries on murder ?

*Lo.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did you not hear a cry ?

*Cas.* Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

---

<sup>1</sup> Out.

<sup>2</sup> No passengers.

<sup>3</sup> Thick, cloudy.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lo.* The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!  
Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done  
this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—  
What are you there? come in, and give some help.  
[*to Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

*Ro.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!  
[*Iago stabs Roderigo.*]

*Ro.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—  
O! O! O!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these  
bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!  
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

*Lo.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lo.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt  
By villains.

*Gra.* Cassio?

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, Heaven forbid!—  
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is 't that  
cried?

*Iago.* Who is 't that cried?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you  
suspect  
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to  
seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter: so.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—  
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come:  
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?  
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,  
Roderigo? 'no: yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir: did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle  
pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,



That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said:—  
the chair.— [*a chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,  
[*to Bianca.*]

Save you your labor.—He that lies slain here,  
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was between  
you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*to Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear  
him out o' the air.—

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlewoman.—Look you pale, mis-  
tress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emi.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,  
husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scaped:

He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emi.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,  
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore  
shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emi.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emi.* As I? foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*aside.*  
That either makes me, or fordoes<sup>1</sup> me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep: a light  
burning.*

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;—

---

<sup>1</sup> Undoes, ruins.

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*[takes off his sword.]*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light.<sup>1</sup>  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me : but once put out thine,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume : when I have pluck'd thy  
rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again ;  
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.

*[kissing her.]*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword !—one more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after :—one more, and this the last.  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;  
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there ? Othello ?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord ?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the light of life.



Graham, del.

Starling sc.

**OTHELLO.**

*Othello, & Desdemona: asleep.*

*Act V. Scene II.*



*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No,—Heaven forefend! <sup>1</sup>—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, Heaven  
Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Humph!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for  
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.  
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

---

<sup>1</sup> Forbid.

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still !

*Des.* I will so : what 's the matter ?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so loved, and  
gave thee,

Thou gavest to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul ;  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury : thou 'rt on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently :  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me !

*Oth.* I say, Amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too !—I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of Heaven  
As I might love : I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his  
hand.

O perjured woman ! thou dost stone my heart ;  
And makest me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath—used thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He'll not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd:  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* My fear interprets then.—What, is he  
dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great  
revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to  
my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,——

*Des.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done,  
There is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [*he smothers her.*]

*Emi.* [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my  
lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead, not yet  
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—



So, so.

*Emi.* [*within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emi.* [*within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes; 'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.—

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.

O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

*Emi.* [*within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,

O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft;—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [*unlocks the door.*]

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emi.* O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emi.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon :  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emi.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd,  
And Cassio kill'd ?

*Emi.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of  
tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

*Emi.* Alas ! what cry is that ?

*Oth.* That, what ?

*Emi.* Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—  
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !  
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emi.* O, who hath done  
This deed ?

*Des.* Nobody ; I myself : farewell.  
Commend me to my kind lord : O, farewell. [*dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd ?

*Emi.* Alas, who knows ?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emi.* She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell :  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emi.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil !

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emi.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emi.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false : O, she was heavenly true !

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emi.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emi.* That she was false to wedlock ?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,  
If Heaven would make me such another world  
Of one intire and perfect chrysolite,<sup>1</sup>  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emi.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first :  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emi.* My husband ?

*Oth.* What needs this iterance,<sup>2</sup> woman ? I say,  
thy husband.

*Emi.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks with  
love !—<sup>3</sup>

My husband say, that she was false ?

---

<sup>1</sup> A precious stone.

<sup>2</sup> Repetition.

<sup>3</sup> ' i. e. villany has taken advantage to play on the weakness  
of a violent passion.'—Johnson.

*Oth.* He, woman :  
I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word ?  
My friend, thy husband ; honest, honest Iago.

*Emi.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart :  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Emi.* Do thy worst :  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace ; you were best.

*Emi.* Thou hast not half the power to do me  
harm,  
As I have to be hurt.<sup>1</sup> O gull ! O dolt !  
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,——  
I care not for thy sword ; I 'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress : murder ! murder !

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter ?—How now, general ?

*Emi.* O, are you come, Iago ? you have done  
well,

'That men must lay their murders on your neck !

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Emi.* Disprove this villain, if thou be 'st a man.  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false :  
I know, thou didst not ; thou 'rt not such a villain.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. more can I bear than you dare execute.

Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emi.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emi.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie; Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—

She false with Cassio?—did you say, with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress: go to; charm your tongue.

*Emi.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O, Heavens forefend! <sup>1</sup>

*Emi.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emi.* Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't.—O villany!

I thought so then;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

O villany, villany!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emi.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

---

<sup>1</sup> Forbid.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [*hanging over his wife.*]

*Emi.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar;  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [*rising.*]  
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your  
niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd.

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's  
dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognisance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emi.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emi.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace,  
sir? no:

No ; I will speak as liberal <sup>1</sup> as the air ;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils—let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emi.*

I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab his wife.*

*Gra.*

Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

*Emi.* O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;  
For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.*

Villanous whore !

*Emi.* She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it,  
And I did give 't my husband.

*Iago.*

Filth, thou liest.

*Emi.* By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen.  
O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife ?

[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*

*Oth.*

Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

*Gra.* The woman falls : sure, he has kill'd his  
wife.

*Emi.* Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress' side !

---

<sup>1</sup> Free.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :

Come, guard the door without : let him not pass,

But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain ;

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

*Oth.*

I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword :—

But why should honor outlive honesty ?

Let it go all.

*Emi.* What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music :—' Willow, willow, willow.'—

Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor :

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*dies.*]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber ;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;—<sup>1</sup>

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me ;

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

---

<sup>1</sup> Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water.



*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Oth.* Behold ! I have a weapon ;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,  
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !  
Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.—  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd :  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires.—Where should Othello go ?—  
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd  
wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my  
girl ?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—  
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?  
Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

*Lo.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello: here I am.

*Lo.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; <sup>1</sup>—but that's a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

*Lo.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lo.* O thou Othello, that was once so good,  
Fallen in the practice <sup>2</sup> of a cursed slave;—  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
An honorable murderer, if you will;  
For naught I did in hate, but all in honor.

*Lo.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.—  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. to see if his feet be cloven.

<sup>2</sup> By the stratagem.

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lo.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lo.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen, Which, as I think, you know not: here is a letter, Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; And here another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lo.* Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!— How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber: And he himself confess'd, but even now, That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose, Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,— How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came

That I was cast : and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lo.* You must forsake this room, and go with us :  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his : you shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know  
it ;

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you  
speak

Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well ;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued  
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum : set you down this :  
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. *[stabs himself.]*

*Lo.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All that 's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee:—no way but  
this;— *[falling upon Desdemona.]*

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. *[dies.]*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

*Lo.* O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; *[to Iago.]*

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seise upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure<sup>1</sup> of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture;—O, enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *[Exeunt.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Sentence.

Published Monthly, with Biographical Sketches, Portraits,  
Notes, Maps, &c. Price 4s. 6d. Small 8vo.

# ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

OF THE MOST VALUABLE

## GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS,

UNDER THE TITLE OF THE

“FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.”

EDITED, PRINTED, AND PUBLISHED, BY A. J. VALPY, M.A.

---

‘If you desire your son, though no great scholar, to read and reflect, it is your duty to *place* into his hands the best Translations of the best *Classical* Authors.’—DR. PARR.

The Numbers already published contain the following Authors; which may be purchased *separately*:

1. DEMOSTHENES. LELAND.
2. Completion of Do.; and SALLUST, by ROSE.
- 3 & 4. XENOPHON'S ANABASIS and CYROPÆDIA, by SPELMAN and COOPER.
- 5 to 7. HERODOTUS. BELOE.
- 8 & 9. VIRGIL, by WRANGHAM, SOTHEY, and DRYDEN.
10. PINDAR; a new Translation, by WHEELWRIGHT. With ANACREON; a new Translation, by BOURNE.
- 11 to 15. TACITUS. MURPHY.
16. THEOPHRASTUS; with 50 Characteristic Engravings.
- 17 & 18. HORACE and PHÆDRUS.
19. JUVENAL, by Dr. BADHAM; and PERSIUS, by Sir W. DRUMMOND.
- 20 to 22. THUCYDIDES. SMITH.
- 23 to 29. PLUTARCH'S LIVES; with Engravings.
30. HESIOD, by C. ELTON, Esq.; also the CASSANDRA of LYCOPHRON, by Lord ROYSTON; with BION, MOSCHUS, MUSÆUS, and SAPPHO.

31 & 32. CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

33. SOPHOCLES. FRANCKLIN.

34 to 36. EURIPIDES. POTTER.

37 to 39. HOMER. POPE.

40 & 41. OVID'S METAMORPHOSES and EPISTLES, by DRYDEN, POPE, CONGREVE, ADDISON, and others.

42 & 43. CICERO'S ORATIONS, by DUNCAN.

44. CICERO'S OFFICES, by COCKMAN; with Treatises on OLD AGE and FRIENDSHIP, by MELMOTH.

45. ÆSCHYLUS. POTTER.

46. commences LIVY, which Author will close the Series.

#### OPINIONS OF THE WORK.

‘ From a careful examination we do not hesitate to declare that a more important or interesting accession than this Library to our national literature has not taken place in modern times. No serious or well-arranged plan has been proposed, before this time, for placing the treasures of the classic writers in the hands of readers who were unacquainted with the original. How easily such a plan could be accomplished—how admirably it could be executed—of producing good of every kind—solid instruction with the most ennobling delight—the volumes before us are at once the example and the proof. We might praise the elegance of the work; but a feature of greater importance than is connected with external merits demands our warmest approbation,—we mean the exclusion of every thing offensive to virgin innocence. Thus, for the first time in the course of ages, all the intellectual splendors of Greece and Rome are opened to the modest contemplation of the gentler sex; and a lady can acknowledge an acquaintance with the treasures of ancient poetry without the smallest compromise of her delicacy.’—*Monthly Review*.

‘ We know of no periodical more richly deserving of patronage than the Family Classical Library, and we should esteem it a disgrace to any establishment for the education of either sex, in the library of which this beautiful edition of the most approved translations of the ancients was not to be found.’—*The Bee*.

‘ The efforts of this publisher in the cause of ancient literature are meeting with extensive encouragement, as well for his first project of introducing so long a list of Greek and



Latin authors to the notice of the unlearned part of the community in a uniform series, as for the manner in which the promises of using every exertion to render his English translations of the Classics universally acceptable, have been since redeemed.'—*New Monthly Magazine*.

### THEOPHRASTUS, with 50 Engravings.

'A better stage-coach companion, or one for a weary fireside on a wet day, we could not recommend to those who delight in studying the vast varieties of human character.'—*Athenæum*.

### PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

Menage says, if all the books in the world were in the fire, there is not one which he would so eagerly snatch from the flames as Plutarch. That author never tires him; he reads him often, and always finds new beauties.

'One of the most admirable works which antiquity has bequeathed to us, we have here in the accurate and graceful translation of the Langhorne, embellished by heads of the various eminent men whom Plutarch has contributed to immortalise. We perceive with pleasure that versions of the minor Greek poets are to follow: the collection will then assuredly be one of which every scholar ought to be possessed.'—*Monthly Review*.

'On seeing this cheap edition of Plutarch, it occurred to us how much anxiety it had cost us to become possessed of the abominable edition in six octavo volumes; guineas—several guineas—were to be accumulated; and here the young urchin comes in for a glorious Plutarch in exchange for a few shillings.... Montaigne confessed himself indebted to his father's readings of Plutarch for much of his character: in truth, these Lives have influenced most materially the more active portion of the lives of great men for many centuries.... Let all persons, therefore, avail themselves of this opportunity of getting a good Plutarch cheap.'—*Spectator*.

### CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

'Here begins one of the most interesting of all the Roman Classics, whose narrative has made many a warrior, whose facts throw so important a light on the history of every



European nation, and whose style is a model for writers in all languages.'—*Literary Gazette*.

'It would be idle to attempt a character of a work that has probably been read more than any other of ancient literature, and which, moreover, has materially tended to enrich the store of European knowledge, whose earlier history has drawn so largely from it. The Family Classical Library, to which it belongs, has not in its series a more deservedly popular book.'—*Bristol Journal*.

### SOPHOCLES.

'It is executed with great spirit and fidelity. It is, indeed, a version worthy of a place in the Family Classical Library, and higher praise it could scarcely receive; for that series has been hitherto conducted with so much spirit, taste, and judgment, that we are afraid of wearying our readers by so often repeating our commendations and our hearty wishes for its continued success.'—*Athenæum*.

### HOMER.

'Translations almost always disappoint me; I must however except Pope's Homer, which has more of the spirit of Homer than all the other translations put together.'—LORD BYRON.

'The translation of Homer by Pope will never cease to be considered as a splendid monument of talent, which other translators may laudably hope to rival, but which they can never hope to surpass.'—GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

### CICERO'S ORATIONS.

'The appearance of these Orations just now is very apropos: when folks know what good speeches are, they will perceive that long ones are seldom good. If we are to have our destinies influenced by oratory, it is high time that the classic model were more understood. This work should therefore be looked on as a national concern.'—*County Herald*.





JAN 24 1931



